

The Listener

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H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who on January 28 sets out on her flight to New Zealand and Australia:
a photograph by Cecil Beaton

In this number:

Antarctica: What the Scientists Are After (L. P. Kirwan)
The Faith of a Salesman (Sir Miles Thomas)
Cloaking the Dagger (Angus Maude, M.P.)

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ONCE IS ENOUGH

by PODALIRIUS

Anyone who has taken a ten-year-old boy on the French railways and seen his anguish when the inspector is told that he is nine (his half-price ticket having been bought earlier in the year, when he was) is struck afresh by the eagerness of the young to grow old. Next year is always going to be better—long trousers for cricket; and the next better still—a real fishing-rod, and unchaperoned bicycling at last. The milestones of piecemeal emancipation stretch ahead endlessly.

"You're only young once" would drive a child frantic if he ever got its real meaning. Luckily, he imposes his own, so that is not a stuffy injunction to gather rosebuds, but an assurance that he will one day kick free of all that rosebud nonsense for good. Never again those simpering shop-acquaintances and their idiot rhetoric of "Aren't you getting a big boy?" Goodbye to the maddening reverberations of grown-up laughter downstairs long after nursery lights-out. Roll on that happy time!

It rolls.

That it fails of its promised delight doesn't matter at first. As captain of the school you miss the adulating shrimps who, in your own shrimphood, fought for the glory of cleaning the captain's soccer boots. But never mind. Soon it will be business, and a corner-seat on the nine-fifteen (except that you're everyone's dogsbody and have to catch the seven-fifty). But you can stay up terribly late, and listen to the grown-ups laughing at jokes either unfunny or incomprehensible—in fact, you have to: it would be rude to go to bed. However, perhaps you will enjoy the jokes next year. Next year will be better. For example, Love must come.

It comes.

That it is composed of sleepless nights, unkept trysts, bad poetry, quarrels, exorbitant expense, and the intermittent contemplation of suicide is disappointing; not what the novelists promised; it is a relief to emerge from it at last with a girl on your arm. The next thing is the dream cottage and the patter of little feet—or, as it turns out, a terrace villa in Fulham, echoing surprisingly soon to the clump of big boots (though said to be pinching already, and only bought last holidays). After that you can really give all your attention to the last of the milestones—the last payment on the mortgage. And settle down to relax, astonished to find that you feel as young as ever, serene in the knowledge that you need never be young again.

* * * *

But, Podalirius, sprightly though we are, not all of us feel quite as young as ever. All too eagerly brushing aside our awkward youth we suddenly realise that the hurly-burly of daily life, which we have been so anxious to grow up into, makes us wish at least for the zest of our youth. Especially as, nutritionally, we are usually under-powered for this man-insisted scurry. And even when there is time to eat properly, the food to-day is often lacking in essential nutrients. That's why many people sprinkle Bemax on their food each day. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

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The New Pattern of British Trade

The first of four talks by ANDREW SHONFIELD

ONE gets the sense of the uniqueness of an occasion by looking for precedents. I say this after casting round for a historical precedent for the extraordinary period of expansion and prosperity which we have witnessed in Europe during the nineteen-fifties. There are two things which make these splendid years of prosperity stand out as unusual. First, the growth of production over the period as a whole has not depended on military factors: neither preparation for war nor the repair of war damage in the aftermath of war has played an important part in the process. The second feature of the prosperity of the nineteen-fifties, which is especially striking, is the fact that it has, so far at any rate, rested securely on the trade between the industrial countries themselves. The undeveloped countries, producing mainly food and raw materials, have had no hand in it. And this leads to the further point: the forward movement has been sustained by deliberate political action on the part of the industrial countries—their collective pursuit of freer trade. This, together with the greater opportunities for trade during an era of rapid technological advance, is the main explanation of western Europe's remarkable prosperity during the nineteen-fifties.

I am myself inclined to place considerable weight on the political factor in this situation. It is of course impossible to measure its importance; it is largely a matter of historical judgement. That is what originally set me looking for historical precedents. To find an analogy one has to go back

into the nineteenth century, fairly deep into it, back to the eighteen-fifties and sixties. This was a period of extremely rapid technological advance which also developed a practical enthusiasm for the English Victorian ideal of free trade. One after another, the nations of western Europe copied the commercial policy of the world's most successful industrial power. However, the victory of the free trade ideology did not last for long; the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 probably marks the point at which it began to be reversed. During the later years of the century the retreat to tariff protection gathered pace. But while it lasted, this era of free trade was a period of wonderfully rapid expansion, especially for Britain. This country has never reached anything like it since. And, perhaps, that is why Britain continued to cling to the ideal of free trade long after most of the other nations had given it up.

The movement of the eighteen-fifties and sixties was certainly sparked off by political decisions, just as the expansion of European trade was in the nineteen-fifties. The nineteenth-century development, starting with Britain's abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846, probably reached its climax in the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty of 1860, negotiated by Mr. Cobden. Britain and France were then much the most important commercial nations in the world, and the treaty, which lowered or actually dismantled the already reduced tariff barriers on both sides, had immense symbolic significance. I do not think it is fanciful to compare this event with the British decision in the middle nineteen-fifties to join

France, Germany, and the other nations of western Europe in a free-trade area. On both occasions, the spearhead of a great advance in world trade was western Europe, and the political decision was ultimately based on a gamble that the advance would continue. Only that would justify the bold move to discard the usual forms of tariff protection between competing nations.

Free Trade and British Disillusion

However, the analogy between the last century and this is not complete. The original initiative towards freer trade did not on this occasion come from Britain. It was of Continental inspiration. Britain was a follower, not a leader. In part, I think, that marks the change which had taken place in the balance of commercial forces in the world since the middle of the last century. There is also an important ideological change over these hundred years. Then it was Britain who was asking the world to follow her bold example, and have faith in the ultimate benefit to be gained by all from a system of free trade. The Continental nations, led by Germany and France, began to turn their backs on this ideal from the eighteen-seventies onwards. And it would be surprising if Britain, after its long period of frustration as the sole effective champion of free trade, lasting well into the twentieth century, did not suffer from a certain disillusion on the subject. For when free trade conclusively failed in the depression of the nineteen-thirties, Britain together with the Commonwealth succeeded in building up the most successful world-wide system of protection and preferential trading. This happened at the Ottawa Conference in 1932. From having been the world's leading free trader, Britain became the leading exponent of preferential tariffs.

This system served Britain and the other members of the Commonwealth extremely well. And the success, achieved in the exceptional circumstances of the depression, exerted an important influence on British thinking after the war, when world conditions were totally different. British politicians of both parties tended to start out from the proposition that a system of exclusive imperial trading of this kind was a decisive commercial asset. The Labour Party, when it was in power immediately after the war, buttressed it with bulk purchase agreements of a long-term character. Direct state trading in Commonwealth channels thus reinforced the thrust that had already been given to private commerce by tariff preferences and political pressures of various kinds. In the late nineteen-forties exports to the Commonwealth rose to an all-time record—more than 50 per cent. of all British goods sold abroad.

This concentration of British export effort on Commonwealth markets was regarded at the time as the natural continuation of the trend that had been proceeding before the war. Everyone seemed to have become an imperialist in commercial policy, just at the time when political imperialism was being brought to an end with the grant of independence to India and the other British territories in south-east Asia. The development was treated by the Labour leaders in the nineteen-forties as if it was a simple and meritorious piece of traditionalism. It was nothing of the sort. It was an exaggeration of an arrangement which had been adopted for purely defensive purposes by Britain and the other members of the Commonwealth in the nineteen-thirties. More recently, since 1950, the proportion of British exports directed to the Commonwealth has fallen again, though it remains above the pre-war level.

The truth is that in the traditional pattern of British exports, at any rate in periods of world prosperity when markets are open, trade with both western Europe and the United States plays a very large part indeed. Taking the

story back again to the great era of British industrial supremacy in the fifties and sixties of the last century, British exports to Europe were at that time usually somewhat larger than to the British Empire as a whole. In the furious boom of the early eighteen-seventies, following the end of the Franco-Prussian war, over a third of all export sales were to Europe and only a quarter to imperial markets. Subsequently, during the depression of the eighteen-eighties, British traders turned increasingly to more distant markets, where they had special advantages. The improvement in ship transport and the opening of the Suez Canal pushed in the same direction; and so did the increasing volume of British investment in the distant countries of the Empire. There is indeed some evidence to show that the gradual orientation of British industry towards the relatively simple needs of these under-developed countries, especially in cheap textiles and railway materials, blunted the competitive edge that came to Germany, for instance, from meeting the more advanced technical needs of the European market.

There were big benefits from this imperial trade too—for Britain, as well as for the countries which later became members of the Commonwealth. A considerable part of the communications system of the modern world has grown out of it. But it is worth noticing that the business depended for much of the time on Britain's ability to lend each year large amounts of money to countries buying British exports. That in itself might have suggested, after the war-time impoverishment of Britain, that there would have to be a change. But the overriding influence on early post-war policy was the vision of the depression of the nineteen-thirties as the normal state of world trade, with the Ottawa Agreement of 1932 as Britain's lifeline to a moderate sort of prosperity. This essentially defensive arrangement remained for too long the focal point of British commercial policy, at a time when world trade was going through an exceptional period of prosperity when there was no need of defences.

It was discovered at the Commonwealth Economic Conference of 1952 in London that many of the other members of the Commonwealth were no longer so interested in the Ottawa Agreement as they had been. No one was prepared to take up the British proposal to the conference to strengthen the system of imperial preference. At this stage the policy shifted, and the sterling Commonwealth was invited to embark on a collective trading effort—among themselves and with other nations—to earn a dollar surplus. The idea was really that the Commonwealth, as the most vigorous and reliable trading system, would provide the bridge between the dollar area and a dollar-hungry world. The final plan was that the pound sterling would be made freely convertible into dollars, and would fulfill the same function as it had done in the nineteen-thirties.

Turning Point in Policy

That scheme failed. Meanwhile it was demonstrated year after year, as the nineteen-fifties progressed, that the really vigorous and expanding area of world trade was not the sterling Commonwealth, but the industrial countries of western Europe, and to a lesser extent the United States itself. It took, however, until 1956 before British commercial policy began to rid itself of the sterling Commonwealth complex, which had developed in the nineteen-thirties and had been aggravated in the nineteen-forties. The proposal to join a European free trade area, which was made in that year, is the turning point. It is not a reversal of British commercial policy towards the Commonwealth; it is a shift of emphasis to give Europe more weight—a shift which represents a return to an older traditional policy.

—General Overseas Service

Antarctica: What the Scientists Are After

By L. P. KIRWAN

MANY people wonder why there is so much activity now going on round the South Pole. Not only are there fifteen expeditions from eleven different countries working in the Antarctic, but one expedition, the British Commonwealth Expedition of Dr. Fuchs (and Sir Edmund Hillary), is engaged in trying to cross the entire width of the Antarctic Continent by land, a journey of some 2,000 miles. What is all this activity about? For at first sight the Antarctic is anything but an inviting place in which to spend a year or more. It is empty and it is vast; in fact, in area it is almost equal to that of Europe and North America combined. It is the coldest, the windiest, and the most desolate place on earth. It contains no form of terrestrial life. And a large part of it is covered by a vast cap of ice, in places 10,000 feet thick; the Ice Cap, whose gigantic crevasses (caused by the pressure of ice downwards from the Pole) made Dr. Fuchs' and Sir Edmund Hillary's journeys so slow and exhausting.

Nevertheless, the Antarctic, in spite of its unpromising appearance, is important in one particular respect; that is, for scientific exploration and research. This in fact is the reason why so many men from so many different regions are now at work in a region where living and travel elsewhere in the world. But first a word about exploration and about the expedition which is primarily concerned with exploration—Dr. Fuchs' expedition. Many people thought when Sir Edmund Hillary with his tractors managed to reach the South Pole, that to reach the Pole was the main object of the Commonwealth expedition. But this is not so. The object of the expedition is to cross the Antarctic Continent for the first time by land, from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea. The Pole is more or less central between these two points. For this expedition, therefore, the Pole was not important as an end in itself but as a stage and central point of a great trans-Antarctic journey.

The scientific objects of this journey were twofold. The first was to explore by land the stretch of Antarctica between the Weddell Sea and the Pole over which no man had ever travelled before. Scott, Shackleton, and the Norwegian Amundsen (the first man to reach the Pole, nearly fifty years ago) approached from the opposite, the Ross Sea, side, and Sir Edmund Hillary followed approximately the route of the earlier British explorers. But the Weddell Sea route was unknown: it has now been surveyed. New mountains have been discovered projecting above the Ice Cap, one group containing a rich deposit of coal; and a large new area of the earth's surface (until Dr. Fuchs' journey, glimpsed only from the air) has now through these land explorations been added to the map.

Another object of this great land journey is to make what is known as a seismic traverse across the whole continent. The purpose is first to ascertain the thickness of the Ice Cap over this whole distance. This is done by detonating explosive charges beneath the surface of the ice at intervals throughout the journey and by studying the resulting waves which are reflected from the underlying rock. One result of these investigations will be to help to discover the volume of the ice which covers the continent. Another will be to discover, by reflection (or refraction) from rocks of different hardnesses below the surface, what the arrangement and formation of the underlying rock is like. Is Antarctica below the Ice Cap a continuous mass of land? Is it two continents instead of one, divided perhaps below the Ice Cap along the line of the narrow waist linking the Weddell and Ross Seas? Or is it an archipelago, a cluster of islands cemented together and surmounted by this great cap of ice?

The study of ice, of ice caps and other kinds of glacier, is one of the most important and interesting of the studies being carried out by the British and the other Antarctic expeditions. One

reason for this is that of recent years glaciers, which move very slowly, have been found to be receding—that is to say, melting—in the Polar regions and elsewhere. This may have been due to a warming up of the world's climate. But whatever it is due to, its effect is to cause a rise in the sea level. At present, this is relatively insignificant, at the rate of four inches a century or so. But if the



Dr. Vivian Fuchs digging out a tractor during his journey to the South Pole



Antarctica, 'the most desolate place on earth'

rate of retreat or melting were greatly to increase, it could have some dramatic consequences. The Arctic Ice Cap covering Greenland is 1,500 miles long by 600 miles wide. The Antarctic Ice Cap is six times as large. And elsewhere there are many smaller glaciers, too. In the most extreme case, if all these melted and their water returned to the oceans, the mean sea level would rise by 200 feet. There is no need to enlarge on what this would mean to the low-lying towns and harbours and ports of the world—to New York, for instance.

Survey and mapping, glaciology (the study of ice), and geology are not the only scientific studies being carried out by all these expeditions. It is important to remember that in addition to the expedition of Dr. Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary, there are fourteen expeditions from almost as many different countries now working in the Antarctic. These are all part of the great international effort in science, in progress all over the world, known as the International Geophysical Year. These expeditions are different in one respect from the trans-Antarctic expedition. They are each centred on a fixed base or station, chosen by international agreement and established in carefully chosen parts of the Antarctic, including the South Pole itself, for special scientific reasons. Since these other expeditions, from the United States, the Soviet Union, France, the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth, and elsewhere, are mainly static, they are able to undertake a greater amount of precise scientific work than an exploring expedition like that of Dr. Fuchs which is always on the move with dogs and snow vehicles over the treacherous and broken surface of the Ice Cap.

I can give only an example or two of the sort of work these other, static, expeditions are doing. One is the study of weather. Here the Antarctic is very important, for the weather conditions arising from the presence of the great mass of the Antarctic Ice Cap in turn affect the weather of the distant neighbouring

continents, Africa and South America, for example. If these effects could be studied, if the pattern of circulation of Antarctic weather could be understood, it would help to make possible longer-term weather forecasts in these adjacent countries. Longer-term weather forecasts can obviously be of great economic value, so that the study of Antarctic weather conditions is well worth while. Then there are ionospheric researches. The ionosphere, which is the upper part of the earth's atmosphere, can conduct electricity and it reflects radio waves. If we knew more about its behaviour, long-distance radio reception might be improved. Then there are a whole group of magnetic studies. For these the Antarctic is of obvious importance, since it is at one of the poles of the earth's magnet.

Finally, and most important of all (because the International Geophysical Year is one of maximum solar activity), are observations of the sun. The Antarctic may appear to be a curious place to choose for solar observations. But among the consequences of such solar activity is the bombardment of the earth by high-energy, atomic particles which, as they approach the earth's atmosphere, moving faster than the speed of light, are predominantly attracted towards the poles of the earth's magnet—that is, towards the Arctic and the Antarctic. Magnetic storms and disturbances, and the brilliant aurorae (the so-called Northern and Southern Lights) seen in the Polar regions are all associated with this increased solar radiation. Much scientific work of this kind has been done in the more accessible Arctic, but none of these phenomena, which among other things affect radio reception and the behaviour of magnetic needles, had ever been fully studied in the Antarctic.

These are a few of the reasons why there are so many scientific expeditions working in Antarctica today, enduring the cold and the blizzards, and the dangers of travel, in the most desolate region of the world.—*Arabic Service*

The Faith of a Salesman

By SIR MILES THOMAS

WHEN I had agreed to give this talk I had to think very hard about what I was to say—because, I must confess, I had never before consciously thought of the faith of a salesman. I had often pondered the mechanics of salesmanship, considered the various methods of selling that the salesman may employ, but never had I considered the faith. Thinking of it consciously, I am pleased that I can make that confession: for it provides for me the first article of my faith as a salesman; and that is that the salesman must believe in selling, in the need for selling and in the value of selling. This belief is something inherent in good salesmen; it is not something that they have consciously worked out for themselves; it is an instinctive acceptance that selling is a basic essential of society.

Yet this instinctive acceptance is only natural; for selling is in fact a most important aspect of our daily lives. When we talk, we are selling ourselves and our ideas. In everything that we do, working or playing, we are selling ourselves—selling the idea that we are worthwhile individuals; responsible, acceptable members of society. At work we are selling ourselves by our ability to add to the economic progress and development of the community in which we live or into which we seek to be accepted. The wages we earn are the selling price of our labour. During our leisure we are selling ourselves by our ability to add to the social or cultural ease and development of our friends and society as a whole.

In fact, in all our relationships with other people, we are selling our personal qualities so that we may in exchange win comfort, security, prestige, friendship, and love. The suitor carrying a bunch of flowers to his beloved is only trying to promote an idea of his own worthiness; the book of poems by the poet is an attempt on his part to sell to his readers the idea that he be considered a good poet; the mother dressing her children for a party is aiming to make other people accept the idea that her

children are attractive, well brought up and from a good home, and, through this, she is promoting the idea of herself as a good mother and homemaker. In primitive societies—and in modern American universities—young boys on attaining the age of presumed manhood have, by various methods of daring, to sell themselves as being worthy of admittance to the ranks of men.

All this sales promotion is not confined to mankind. The domestic cat laying her latest kill at your feet is trying to sell you a good opinion of herself; the brilliant spread of the peacock's tail is a symbol of his sales approach to the peahen. All Nature is imbued with the instinct of selling.

If we do not sell ourselves, we fail as human beings. There are accepted standards of what one might almost call lifesalesmanship if one were not afraid of being misinterpreted—and these standards have developed into what we now regard as the code of social conduct. This code depends upon certain virtues, certain habits, certain attitudes which we must regard as the pattern of salesmanship within society. The point is that the whole of life, and not just the economic aspect of life, is in effect a chain of selling. Even before we reach the stage of having to make our own economic life, our years of training, our education at school and college, are all part of the plan that we must develop saleable talents which will give us the means of buying a living and a worthwhile life.

This essential need to sell so that we may buy was developed in terms of economics by the division of labour. It began, perhaps, with Neolithic man making more flint arrow heads than he actually needed with a view to future exchange. Call it barter, if you like, but barter is only selling and buying in one move.

So, in my definition, selling is one of the most primitive of human activities, and, alongside production, the most primitive of economic activities. Once man has accepted the division of

labour, selling, in economic terms, is as important as production: each is dependent upon the other and both are equally essential to the progress and development of civilisation. That is the second article of my faith as a salesman. Salesmanship, it seems to me, may be simply defined as the art of selling.

A Clearly Defined Profession

In economic terms, salesmanship is nowadays a clearly defined profession. As our economy has become more specialised, increasing effort has had to be devoted to selling its products. I say 'had to be devoted' because specialisation and expansion, the introduction of mass production, could never have taken place without improved selling techniques. Nowadays a progressive, expanding society depends upon the economies of large-scale production: without it you cannot raise people's standards of living. But unless the manufacturer tells them what it is he can make available, unless he finds out what sort of things they are going to want in quantities in the future, mass production is useless. That is the third article of my faith; that the salesman is a gatherer and disseminator of information, an educator.

He educates both the buyer and the producer. He educates the buyer by showing how the producer can help to make life easier. For example, he shows the housewife how a vacuum cleaner can make housework less arduous. To the producer he explains the needs of the public, so that the producer may evolve goods or services which will meet them. This two-way traffic through the salesman is continuous. Today, for example, British salesmen abroad are teaching the underdeveloped countries how tractors can help agriculture; how chemistry and chemicals can destroy pests and so help to increase production—and so raise living standards.

Here, too, is the difference between the modern salesman and his predecessors. It is no longer sufficient, as it were, just to offer the goods and collect the money. Nowadays the salesman is handling increasingly technical products. He must know how they work and how they can be applied in the business of the prospective customer. He must be prepared to train those who are to use them and to solve the complex problems which may arise in adapting them to the needs of the user. Indeed, he may do his most important work long after the sale has been made, in providing technical service to the customer.

Another article of my faith is that you must tell people the truth when you are selling. That is not simply a personal whim. Honesty is an essential part of the equipment of any good salesman. Only a bad salesman would wish, by deliberate misrepresentation of the product he is selling, to talk himself out of his profession for the sake of possible short-term gains.

I am not denying that there have been unscrupulous salesmen. Advertising, one of the most important of selling techniques, has been a major factor in Britain's economy for just over a century. During that time there were certain—highly publicised—cases of dishonest advertising. Nowadays there is extremely little scope for this sort of thing, not only because there has been legislation against it but because the advertising industry itself has machinery—such as the Advertisement Investigation Department of the Advertising Association—to deal with any black sheep that may slip into the fold.

Hostile Prejudice

Yet I would be deceiving myself if I thought this meant that the profession of salesman had suddenly become respectable in the eyes of everyone in this country. The roots of hostile prejudice against commercial activities are old, and they go very deep. It is not so long ago that to say someone was 'in trade' was to push him to the bottom of the social ladder and practically consign him to the near-criminal classes. There were, until recently, rigid social strata of trades-people. Right to the end of its days, the Bombay Yacht Club allowed only sahibs who were pukka wholesaling merchants to enjoy membership. Retail salesmen were taboo.

Even among orthodox economists, who are not generally supposed to be the enemies of commerce, there has been a rather sour attitude towards some aspects of selling, especially advertising. A surprising number of them ignored it altogether. Others, like

Marshall, said it was acceptable if it was informative and not persuasive. But being a wise man he avoided defining either of those terms.

What has the salesman done to deserve this? Why is he abused by curate and commissar? Why is he an object of distaste to snobs, both social and intellectual? And why is his function in society largely ignored or misunderstood by the economists? There are several answers, just as there are several attitudes. It is worth while spending a moment or two analysing why selling has in the past been regarded as something not quite respectable. Basically I find that this attitude is more pronounced in Britain than in any other part of the world, and I have a feeling that it arises from our rather puritanical postures in what we are pleased to call the Middle Ages in Britain. Thrift was elevated to a position of great virtue, and as salesmanship obviously is in conflict with at least the superficial veneer of thrift it did not achieve any high popular status.

The general idea of a salesman was someone who battered down all reticence to buy. People who bought lavishly were regarded as being persons who pandered extravagantly to their own luxuries; they were disciples of the flesh and the devil: and the salesman might well in some minds have been associated with the idea of a satanic force that corrupted the morals of people, young and old, who in the popular puritanical concept of the day would be better engaged in scouring the flesh with sackcloth and ashes and leading lives of glorified humble poverty.

This attitude was probably not hampered by the fact that culture and basic religious principles started in the Middle East. In biblical times the Mid-Eastern moneylender, whose activities could have been regarded as pandering to persons who thriflessly succumbed to the blandishments of the salesmen, was driven from the Temple, and something of the odium around these accommodating gentlemen probably became associated with the salesmen, who in the form of itinerant traders were not subject to the modern pressures of honesty that are generated by the necessity to achieve repeat business if long-lasting success is to be obtained.

Objections from the Specialists in Understatement

I have a feeling, too, that in Britain the denigration of the salesman in the Middle Ages was more acute than it was to become among those peoples who, enterprisingly leaving Britain, colonised other parts of the world. The tradition of British domestic understatement is in fact not altogether something of which we can be proud. All of us must know instances of people who habitually make understatements in the smugly arrogant knowledge that by so doing they actually attract and emphasise attention to the matter involved. But these specialists in understatement would readily turn up their noses at the extrovert salesman who honestly and forcefully proclaimed the virtues of the goods he had to sell.

Happily those days, I think, are over and behind us and the commercial necessity of effective sales presentation of whatever goods are being marketed is rapidly becoming recognised all over the world as a virtue, and indeed Britain's dependence today on export business is driving home hard the fact that we must employ these modern methods of selling with honesty and integrity.

That brings me to the point of laying down firmly another article of my faith as a salesman. It is that on selling depends the future of a free society. Whatever may be the reasons for condemnatory attitudes towards selling—whether they arise from stupidity or malice—they are highly dangerous to the national interest. Surely we know by now that Britain must sell itself—its goods and ideas—abroad, or begin a decline which will end with the collapse of all we have constructed in the way of economic and cultural standards. Salesmanship—and, if possible, salesmanship better than that of other nations—is the most important single tool at our disposal in dealing with Britain's most pressing economic problems. We simply cannot afford, as a country, to be hostile or indifferent to the question of selling.

As I indicated earlier, selling exists even where money does not. And money is not necessarily the essential spur to selling. Take the greatest of all modern salesmen, Sir Winston Churchill. During the war, when Britain was near defeat, he sold the whole country on the idea of ultimate victory. He was able to do this because

(continued on page 164)

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1958

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Salesmanship

ON another page we publish a broadcast talk by Sir Miles Thomas on 'The Faith of a Salesman'. Sir Miles is best known as an extremely distinguished administrator; but he began his business career as an adviser to Mr. W. R. Morris (now Lord Nuffield) on 'sales promotion'. In his talk he promotes salesmanship to a dignified and indeed to a socially significant place in the story of mankind. Inevitably his talk is in the nature of an apologia. For among those who are not salesmen there has always been a tendency to denigrate the arts of selling. When at school we learned that Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers, many of us bridled and drew comfort from thinking about the thin red line at Waterloo. Even today there is probably more public interest in 'The Death of a Salesman' than in his life. Most modern economists and statisticians argue that a disproportionate number of our total labour force is absorbed in the distributive trades and declare that distributive costs are too high. Farmers, in particular, are aware of the difference between the price they receive for the products of their land and the price paid by the ultimate consumer after they have passed through the hands of the salesmen. Hence Sir Miles has to face the charge not so much that salesmanship is unnecessary or undesirable, as that there is too much of it.

Naturally the answer to this question depends upon how salesmanship is defined. As Sir Miles says, in life we all of us have to sell ourselves; philosophers have to sell ideas, teachers to sell knowledge, preachers to sell the gospel, and so on. But to most people a narrower definition will spring to the mind, a definition which relates in particular to advertising. The case for advertising is that it enables manufacturers to plan and fulfil programmes (that applies equally to a Communist State like Russia as to a capitalist community) and thereby to reduce costs. Without advertising neither consumers nor retailers can discover what is new or good and thus progress is not possible. In a free society people are as a rule presented with choices and can make up their own minds about which salesman's arguments are the most convincing.

Sir Miles insists that 'you must tell people the truth when you are selling'. This is a high and admirable ideal. Mr. Angus Maude, in another talk also printed in this number entitled 'Cloaking the Dagger', begins by pointing out the dangers of 'exaggeration, euphemism, and even of mild deception in advertising and propaganda'. Sir Miles claims that the fraudulent advertiser or salesman will be found out and that modern legal enactments and the controls exercised by the advertising profession itself mitigate against deceptive advertising. On the other side it might be said (as Hitler believed) that ceaselessly reiterated claims, however absurd, begin to seem like truth. Certainly the assertions made by salesmen and the advertisements published today have to be much more carefully worded than they were even a generation ago. For example, the contents of patent medicines have to be stated; and exaggerated claims are usually exposed in technical journals. But, as Thomas Hobbes said many years ago, words are counters which can be used to win a game. And words will always need to be closely analysed and scrutinised by those who do not wish to be overwhelmed by high-powered salesmanship.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on East-West talks

THE WESTERN REPLIES to Mr. Bulganin's correspondence kept the prospects for East-West negotiations to the forefront of commentaries from all parts of the world. Moscow broadcasts contrasted the 'strong public desire for talks with the Soviet Union as soon as possible' with the official Western insistence that such talks should be preceded by adequate preparation. The Soviet Government's support for the Polish proposal of an atom-free zone in Central Europe was stressed in numerous broadcasts, and the proposal was strongly advocated in satellite broadcasts. (On January 17 Moscow radio announced that Mr. Khrushchev had spent three days in Poland, where he had had talks with Polish leaders. Warsaw radio was likewise silent about the visit until it was over.) Commenting on President Eisenhower's proposal that Eastern Europe should be among the subjects discussed in East-West talks, satellite broadcasts stressed that their countries 'could not tolerate blackmail or intervention in their domestic affairs'. It was claimed that he had rejected the proposals both for an atom-free zone in Europe and an East-West non-aggression pact. A Moscow broadcast claimed that the British Prime Minister had made clear in Karachi that he regarded a non-aggression pact as 'a pure formality'.

Moscow broadcasts gave publicity to the replies Mr. Khrushchev had sent to questions from the editor of a Danish youth magazine, in which he said:

If the Governments of Denmark and Norway yield to pressure from without and agree to the deployment of atomic and rocket weapons in their territories, the Soviet Union will, naturally, be compelled to take appropriate measures.

An East German broadcast, after claiming that the Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile achievements had 'utterly destroyed' Nato's strategic plan, asserted that the 'socialist' countries had 'brought all weapons equally to the highest technical level'. A Yugoslav broadcast, quoting *Politika*, expressed the view that President Eisenhower's assurance that the United States would never commit or support aggression would have 'a very positive effect'. Among the 'negative' features in the President's statement was 'the artificial regeneration of the "policy of liberation" in relation to Eastern Europe'.

Commenting on President Eisenhower's reply to Mr. Bulganin —on which Moscow radio remained silent for three days, when it dismissed it as having ignored Mr. Bulganin's proposals and having tried to put the blame for international tension on the Soviet Union—the *Washington Post* was quoted as saying:

There is enough meat in [the President's] proposals to enable the diplomats and Foreign Ministers to formulate an agenda for a summit conference if there is any disposition to seek peaceful settlements as distinct from propaganda manoeuvres.

The *Christian Science Monitor* expressed the view that it might be worth while to enquire whether Moscow would agree to a mutual withdrawal of armed forces from the proposed atom-free zone, but added that it was opposed to the withdrawal of all United States troops from Europe. It was quoted as adding:

We can think of only one concession which might equalise matters under those circumstances. That would be a not merely promised, but prior grant of, self-government to the peoples of all satellite nations, the right to establish governments by free elections. This might place a human sea between the Soviet Union and the Communist conquest of West Europe.

From Switzerland, *La Suisse* was quoted as commenting:

It is a fact that the division of Germany is one of the causes of tension. Yet only after a relaxation of tension can reunification be tackled. One of the means of achieving this is the Rapacki (atom-free zone) plan, which Chancellor Adenauer rejects out of hand. This is definitely a mistake. Apart from Adenauer, no Nato ally in Europe has done so, and even Eisenhower has agreed to discuss it, though he does not believe it can be implemented.

From France the Independent *Le Monde* was quoted as calling for a detailed study of the proposals for an atom-free zone in Central Europe, which it thought was one matter on which there was a vague possibility of negotiation.

Did You Hear That?

NEW CARS FOR OLD

'THIS IS THE TIME of the year when all good Americans should come to the aid of the economy and go out and buy a new car', said DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, in 'From Our Own Correspondent'. 'But they are not. The sales of new cars are less than last year, and the President of General Motors, which makes more cars than any of the other American motor manufacturers, says that sales over the year will be down compared with last year by about 300,000 vehicles.'

'Another expert thinks that this may be the worst year for the American motor industry since 1952, which was a very bad year indeed. And motor manufacturers in Detroit have begun laying off hundreds of workers. The Government, however, is coming to the rescue, and has placed orders worth \$52,000,000 with the Chrysler Corporation—not for motor cars but for guided missiles of another kind; these to be used by the United States armed forces for firing at possible enemies.'

'The sale of motor cars in the United States is always used by economists to measure the financial health of the nation, and these economists are worried that the comparatively slow movement of cars from the salesrooms is indicative of a weakening in the strength of the national pulse. I took the pulse of a few of my American friends, who may or may not have any money in the bank, and they were agreed that the main reason why Americans are not buying the new cars is because they are too much like the ones made last year. They also felt that there was a limit to how much any one man could spend—particularly if, like themselves, he was not only paying for the present car but also the rent, the second television, and the fifth radio. They said, too, though they did not harp on this disturbing idea, that their jobs were not as secure as they had been twelve months ago.'

'None of this would please motor manufacturers or their advertising agents, who remain intent on producing and selling the classical American car—the heavy streamlined oblong of immense power, extravagant petrol consumption, and a galaxy of lights fore and after. This massive vehicle, now with upswept tail fins, is derisively called "the family barge" by the younger generation, which refuses to be allured by some of its given names—such as "The Golden Command", "The Ram Fire", "The Turbo



This month the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester celebrates the centenary of its foundation. The first concert was conducted in January, 1858, by Charles Hallé (above), who was born in Westphalia, Germany. The present conductor, Sir John Barbirolli (right) has been offered the Freedom of the City of Manchester. In an interview in 'Radio Newsreel' Sir John said that at the centenary concert the orchestra would play again Weber's Freischütz Overture, the first piece it ever played. The orchestra may go to the United States after its European tour in the summer
From 'One Hundred Years of the Hallé' by C. B. Rees (MacGibbon and Kee)



Flash", and "Saratoga". The new cars are also notable for the size of their luggage compartments: these are now so big that criminals escaping from the police steal a car, lock the driver in the boot, and drive away. A Philadelphia man locked himself in his own boot. He had climbed in to get his snow chains when the lid fell and locked. It was nearly an hour before he was rescued.

'A revolt from bigness has been responsible for the growing popularity of the foreign car. About 200,000 of them were sold in America last year. They are not ideal for driving very long distances in the United States, but they can be parked easily in the towns, and they do fit into the family garage. There was a story the other day about a wealthy rancher in Texas who drives a smaller American car that he bought in 1948. He was asked why he did not buy a new one. He replied that he had built a garage costing \$10,000 when he had bought the car—"and boy!" he added, "I ain't gonna fool around and make that garage bigger for no one. When they make a car to fit my garage, then I'll buy it". One hopes that an enterprising salesman for English cars went hotfoot to the scene. *Consumer Reports*—a magazine which examines manufactured products and publishes its findings without apparent fear or favour—again this year gives its highest approval to the German Volkswagen; a small British car is at the bottom of a list of six foreign cars tested'.

A MODERN INDUSTRY IN THE FOREST OF DEAN
One of the modern industries practised in the ancient Forest of Dean is the production of fruit juices. The firm that makes these used to be in Bristol, but after the war it felt the need for the countryside and room to grow and so it came to Coleford. Dr.

VERNON CHARLEY who pioneered some of the processes used, especially with blackcurrants, talked about the factory in 'Woman's Hour'.

'Our factory', he said, 'was built in 1948 near the centre of the Forest of Dean, surmounting the top of a hill, 800 feet high, with the woods falling down to the west to the Wye at Monmouth and Tintern, and south and east to the Severn at Berkeley and Gloucester. It gives employment to hundreds of Forest employees, many of whom were workers made redundant from the local coal mines, who have transferred their activities from the hewing of black nuggets out of the earth to the processing, amongst other fruits, of thousands of tons of luscious blackcurrants which arrive at Coleford round about the month of July.'

'The fruit comes from our contract growers in Somerset, where blackcurrants mature a week earlier than elsewhere, the West Midlands, East Anglia from Lincoln down to Essex, Kent, and, latest of all, from the north Herefordshire uplands. An endless succession of lorries carry trays of ripe fruit at the rate of 200 tons a day to the mills, where the knives tear the cells apart and then a highly scientific process turns, if you will excuse a very non-technical expression, the outer skin of the cell from a brick wall into a tennis net, so that when the presses get to work the juice can flow away easily. The juice is filtered so finely that even yeasts which measure no more than one five-thousandth of an inch across are "strained" out, and after further stabilising the juice is stored in enormous tanks at freezing point in cold rooms blasted out of Forest of Dean carboniferous limestone rock.'

Throughout the year that follows some of this juice is pumped out day by day, sweetened, and bottled at the rate of 10,000 bottles an hour. The flavour is due to the special coddling the juice gets before and during its storage. The vitamin C, which is the highest for any soft fruit, is very stable and constitutes one of the most important nutritional constituents of the fruit.

'In due season, whole oranges come to Coleford from many Mediterranean countries and are processed by a technique designed to bring all the flavour and goodness out of the whole fruit and retain it in the finished product. Then there are the apples. At some times of the year the taste and smell buds of visitors are dancing with delight, because blackcurrants, oranges, and apples may be in varying stages of processing, all at the same time. If I had two hearts, I am certain that blackcurrant would be inscribed on one, and apple juice indelibly carved on the other. It is an aristocratic product when made from the fruit grown in the best apple country in the world. There is a tang and aroma about it that is nostalgic of the apple orchards of Evesham, or the Kentish Weald in autumn, or of an apple store in an old Gloucestershire barn on a keen winter's day.

'We choose special varieties of apples, of which hundreds of tons come into the factory in the autumn. We like them to be sound and clean, but size and shape do not matter very much. The juice is stored just as for the blackcurrants. Methods of improving the flavour are continually being found, and I like to think that one day it may be possible to say "come and try a bottle of my Cox's Orange Pippin 1954 vintage; it's got more character than the 1953 Bramley".

'Sometimes, when I see the factory at night, brightly lit up and looking like a liner resting graciously on the brow of the hill, with the Trellech hills beyond and the dim outline of the Brecon Beacons still further off, I think of what I cannot see—the heart of the whole exciting place deep in the Forest rock: great vessels brimful with blackcurrant juices from Taunton, Worcester, Spalding, Colchester, and Canterbury; juices from oranges perhaps from Israel, Valencia, Cyprus, or the Transvaal; or apple juices from the large commercial plantations of Kent and Sussex. It is a good, satisfying sight and thought for anyone, but especially for a Forester'.

WHERE A MARTYRED KING WAS BURIED

DOUGLAS BROWN, a B.B.C. reporter, recently visited the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds where excavations are in progress, and spoke about what he saw in 'The Eye-witness'.

'First a word about St. Edmund', he said. 'He was only fourteen when he was crowned King of East Anglia in the ninth century. Most of his short life was spent fighting off the Danes. In the end he was betrayed and captured. The Danes urged him to deny his faith. They bound him to a tree and archers shot him to death. He was not yet thirty. Edmund was buried nearby, and years later he was exhumed. His body, we are told, was entire and incorrupt. Sick people who touched it were made well. The incorruptible body was taken to Bury St. Edmunds, then called Beodricsworth, and was first buried in a simple wooden church. Town and monastery soon became wealthy because of Edmund, and after the Norman conquest work began on a new stone

church. This took about 100 years to build and became one of the finest Norman churches in Christendom. It was more than 500 feet long, longer for instance than Norwich Cathedral. When you walk through the peaceful Abbey gardens these days you will find little to remind you of it and little, too, of the vast range of monastic buildings.

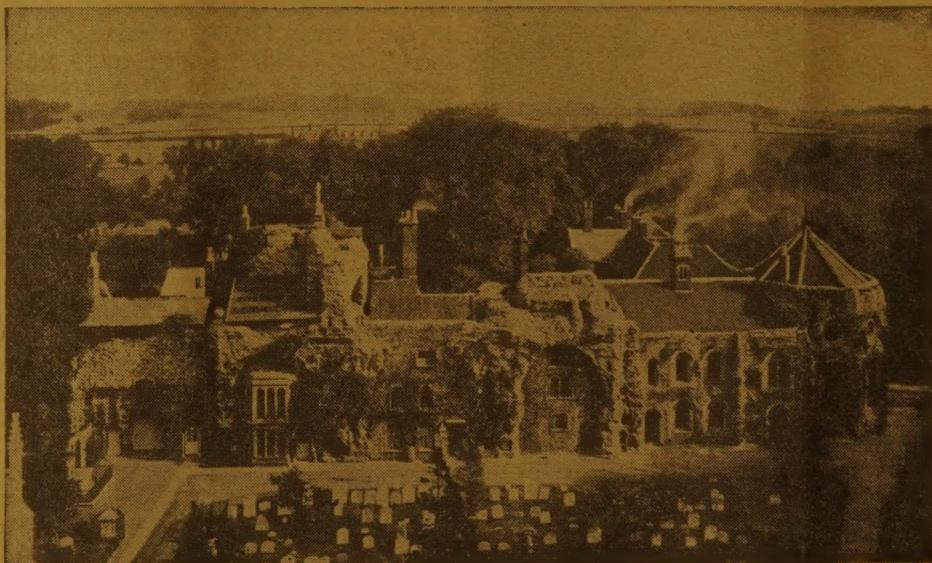
'There are, it is true, two of the large parish churches the abbots built for the townspeople. They were dwarfed by the Abbey. Beside one of them, now the cathedral church of the diocese, there is a heavy Norman tower. Look through the archway and you see a mass of flint rubble with houses built into it. This was the west front of the Abbey church with its five doorways. The middle one had double doors of bronze. As you went in you found yourself in a nave with two rows of Norman pillars. The church was built in the form of a cross, and between the transepts a central tower was supported on pillars of great strength and thickness. Here was the heart of the church—the choir, the high altar, and nearby, as likely as not, the shrine of St. Edmund, standing, so we are told, on a base of carved marble. It was of silver-gilt, adorned with gold and jewels, and golden crosses and statues. Around it day and night was the glow of candlelight. And then there were all the wall paintings, the richly coloured glass, and the stately ritual of mass or office at one or other of the altars. Is it any wonder that a contemporary said: "The sun does not shine on an abbey more famous, which

for its size and magnificence you could say was a town in itself with a church surpassed by none"?

'Pilgrims came from far and wide. At least nine kings of England were among them. Some held parliaments there. Edward II spent Christmas with the Abbot. Politics came into it, too. On St. Edmund's Day in 1214 the barons swore before the shrine of Edmund that they would force John to ratify Magna Carta. So many pilgrims brought great wealth to the foundation. In the end the abbots owned most of West Suffolk. Some, it seems, were not very charitable and there was ill feeling and occasionally open conflict between the Abbey and the people. At the dissolution the townsfolk rapidly cashed in on such a rich quarry of building material, and all over Bury you will find houses and walls built of the square stones from the monastery.

'The Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works has set out to preserve what remains. Years of hard and exacting work lie ahead. The work has started off in what might be called the sanctuary area, digging down to the original floor level. I saw the massive foot of one of the pillars that supported the north transept. To expose it meant going down four feet. The Ancient Monuments Department hope to have both transepts finished by 1959, and this will mean laying bare the bases of about a dozen pillars. Somewhere below the chancel is a large crypt, hidden away for four hundred years. In two or three years work is likely to start on that, and so bit by bit the ground work of most of the Abbey and the monastic buildings will be revealed.

'One or two things must be uppermost in the minds of many. Did King Henry VIII's commissioners miss anything in the way of jewels or plate? And will they find anything left of the great shrine of St. Edmund?'



The ruins of the former west front of the Benedictine Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, once one of the richest abbeys in England

Too Many Choices

The second of two talks by MICHAEL TIPPETT on man and his behaviour in society

I SAID in my first talk* that everyone chooses and everyone sacrifices—even though the vast majority at any time are unaware of doing so. I meant that, even if 99 per cent. of mankind do make easily and naturally the socially adapted response within their community, they are in fact the prisoners of the choice (between one social constellation and another) that the community as a whole has made, or is making. But to be thus prisoners within a dominant social attitude is to make a sacrifice inside the individual psyche; the sacrifice of those sensibilities and apprehensions which have virtually no social status—‘no’, at least, when pitted against the terrific, overwhelming power of the socially conventional.

Back to Prisoners' Base?

I said further, that just so fast as a man is made aware of this personal sacrifice, whether by natural temperament or by the complementary power of psychic disturbance, just so fast is he moving away from the prisoners' base of the socially adapted, towards the no-man's-land of the socially questionable. If the psychiatrist leads him safely back to prisoners' base, then all is well. If he does not get back to prisoners' base, he becomes a member of the negligible minority that is at odds with their society. And that is a different matter.

It is another matter again, though allied, when we are born with interests and faculties which can be socially fulfilled only in opposition to the dominant attitude. As Yeats put it, in his incomparable and personal imagery:

Conduct and work grow coarse, and coarse the soul,
What matter? Those that Rocky Face holds dear,
Lovers of horses and of women, shall,
From marble of a broken sepulchre,
Or dark betwixt the polecat and the owl,
Or any rich, dark nothing disinter
The workman, noble and saint, and all things run
On that unfashionable gyre again.

To many members of Yeats' profession this sort of thing has seemed like whistling in the dark to keep the courage up. I would myself say that if fine poetry is to be made out of the artist's present predicament, then Yeats is a master in this manner. (It is more difficult, I think, to discern how this general problem affects music and painting.) And if fine poetry is read and enjoyed, then the predicament of the negligible minority seems by that to have meaning also for the majority. But that would probably be a rash conclusion. It argues, I think, in too logical a manner.

By calling on Yeats to speak, I have narrowed the negligible minority down to that handful of men and women whose fate it is to be gifted with spontaneous artistic vision. Yet at the risk of repetition I must make it clear that I know, too, that the experimental scientist is also burdened with a creative gift. The point I am stressing is that in a scientific age like ours the scientist feels his gift to have 100 per cent. social value, while the artist knows that his gift, according to his nation, has $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. value. (These figures are dramatic, not scientific!)

Viewed from sputnik, our world is round and much the same all over. Sputnik has a superbly technological soul. I am sure his proper pride is really in this technology, and not in the political accident that the first of his race was Russian. The round world of science, whether communist or capitalist, is confident. It will go on inventing everything, however risky, because it is upheld by unimpeachable status. The social pressure which sustains this status is still incomparably more powerful than that which gives us qualms in the stomach about total destruction.

This being so it would seem that the predicament of the creative artist in relation to such society is the same the world

over. From the lofty view of sputnik this is so: but on the ground of the locality it is less so. In a community like modern Russia or modern China, where the drive to industrialise a backward country has so overwhelming a social pressure behind it, many humane values can, indeed perhaps must, be neglected. I am sure all Russian women in cities want, with part of their femininity, to dress like the women of Paris. But with another part of themselves they submit willingly to the absolute social priorities which the drive to industrialisation demands. In the same way I doubt if the Russians, as a nation, are all that much more harsh than the rest of us, so that if and when they are able to turn their social eyes from the five-year plans, they may abolish the labour camps altogether.

As for the creative artist, to return to him again, he may be also, by his very function perhaps, a humane value that can, indeed perhaps must, be neglected. We all know that the artist entertainer in Russia, as in the West, has tremendous position. He is like the psychiatrist who guides the temporarily astray back to prisoners' base. So too the creative artist, who can give expression to the necessity of industrialisation: he is like the pep-talk purveyor, the Comrade in the party pulpit. But the creative artist whose fate it is to be like the analytical psychologist in face of spontaneously generated individuation—he is lost. He is silent. He is dead.

People like myself, the permitted if negligible minority of the West, can never be properly balanced in this matter, unless we keep trust and feel sympathy with the men and women who are born into such totally driven societies—born with God-given apprehensions and faculties that are technologically unwanted. What happens to them I do not know. Within the triumphs of their community theirs is a personally tragic destiny. God, or nature, has chosen them in the first place, and they grow up to fulfil that choice. Then there comes the socially inevitable sacrifice. They are indeed ‘as though they had never been born’.

I must admit that I can never get these silent colleagues quite out of my mind. I find them to be, for me at any rate, a kind of absolute. They are born with a gift to respond to a certain challenge and they try to make that response. Their society lives under pressure from a different challenge and demands certain other responses. This predicament then becomes, to the man who suffers it, itself a kind of challenge—and I dread to think what kind of personal response it sometimes demands.

No More Frontier

But then, too, such sympathy as you or I may feel also sets a problem. For it seems to me unrealistic not to make with one side of ourselves a generous response to the grand historical spectacle of huge nations dragging themselves up industrially by their boot strings. Yet if one's choice is to live by certain neglected humane values, one may have to sacrifice that kind of response, because one needs to be true to one's nature, whether in East or West. If one chooses and one sacrifices in this way, then one does; without invalidating by that choice or that sacrifice (even the tragic sacrifice of one's death) the accepted values of one's society. The more open we become to stimulus, the more drastic, personally, may have to be the response. Because the stimulus is contradictory and complex. There is no more frontier.

Returning to an earlier matter, we know that however stubborn the local traditions remain, the varieties of culture from all over the round world impinge on us more and more. So that there is a kind of choice to be made here too—as between one tradition and another; or as between local and global? I do not want to say again what I said before through the voices of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Forster. I would like to add only that maybe the important challenge is to awareness. Even if a writer writes of English experiences in the English of England, his language is bound to

be related now to the English of America, or of Black Africa, or even of India. He may be personally committed or uncommitted, his spoken language is alive and sensitive to an increasingly round world.

I said earlier that it may be more difficult to discern how these general problems are reflected in music or painting. I think music is a somewhat special case because the polyphonic and harmonic music of the West is unlike anything that the rest of the world has ever heard before. It is so powerful and splendid a medium that all the rest of the world is learning it. If Europe exports musicians to other lands, they go to found academies and orchestras and opera houses, modelled on those of Europe. The jazz musicians go first (if only on discs) and the straight players eventually follow. There is a deceptive easiness about it, because the language of music (like the language of painting and sculpture) is without racial frontiers. But the danger to music is that this easiness of travel, combined with the lack of any rival musical tradition of equal power, can leave us Europeans distressingly complacent, stupidly unaware of the possibly parochial content of our art. We are apt to regard it as a merit in ourselves, when we restrict our view to, say, Salzburg or Bayreuth, for the past—or when we withdraw into the fortresses of coterie, for the present. To my mind such unawareness means a challenge evaded. This is not a choice and a sacrifice that I can command to myself. I do not know what the objective consequences are to music, but I feel we have to live in the tension which awareness brings. Otherwise I am lacking in a certain quality of humanity.

The Imaginary Museum

It is much the same if we consider time rather than place. An endlessly increasing past demands from us an ever varying response. Malraux has gathered together into the acceptable image of the Imaginary Museum all this stimulus to contemporary artists in face of the accumulation of artefacts from bygone ages. I think the importance may be less in the practical possibility that individual artists can pick and choose their next style from the museum, if that is the way they work, than in the altered sense of history as a whole. If prototypes of one's pictures are preserved there in those caves from the Ice Age, then one's values are inescapably altered. Once again I feel that the apparent unaffectedness of music in this respect, owing to the impermanence of sound as a medium and our extreme preoccupation with the late-invented polyphony, is a deception. Drum, Pipe, and Zither (to use Yeats' title) have a history, one suspects, as old as paint. That men danced in the caves the very footprints will show us. But the rhythm and melodies to which they moved faded on the air at the instant. Yet with imagination, returning into the past through the music of living primitives, we can feel these rhythms in our blood, on our pulses now. And though that is not so sharp an experience as to see the picture preserved on the cave wall, it is of the same kind.

For myself, I ally this sense of the past with those Indian religious myths of creation which, unlike the story of a unique creation in Genesis, are designed to enforce the idea that creations and aeons have already been, and will be yet, innumerable. There is no rational means of bringing these contradictory apprehensions of time into unity, though they can both be savoured in the mind. There is a sense of Time as unique, from Genesis to World's End. And there is a sense of Time as repetitive, or circular—the myth of the Eternal Return. I am uncertain how objective is my feeling that the movement of these two ideas, one against the other, is another aspect of the new world picture; though others feel with me. I seem to want to think these ideas motionless, and so hope to consider dispassionately the choice and sacrifice that holding exclusively to one or the other involves. But no ideas are motionless, except to the intellect. As in all other aspects of the new world picture, we are challenged by a contradictory multiplicity of situations, to which we can only respond by choosing and by sacrificing.

The difficulty, and indeed the inadequacy, of such an elaborate rationalisation of our predicaments as I have attempted to make in these talks is, I hope, plain enough. It is indeed like commanding everything to be motionless so that the intellect can make a dispassionate judgement. But few things in life outside the realms of mathematical science (so far as that still remains certain) are thus motionless before the intellect: and art is not

one of them—or at any rate only in a limited manner. There is always an aspect of art which throws the emphasis on measurement and relation, rather than on the sensuous. It is indeed possible so to exaggerate the idea of art as a once-for-all discovered system of relations that art can nearly disappear into mathematics. The tradition seems to come in the West from Pythagoras and through Plato. Some of the problems arising from it (viewed as a choice and a sacrifice) were lately discussed, in a perceptive article in *The Times Literary Supplement* concerning Mallarmé, not only in terms of poetry but by analogy with music and painting. Let me quote:

Since [such art's] true content is the perception of relations, it matters little in what order we perceive the things related: narrative sequences, temporal order and statement belong to the world of nature, time and chance. If things are truly in relationship, the relationship will emerge from every permutation of these things. Mallarmé intended to juggle with every possible combination of his elements of form as Bach juggled with incredibly varied arrangements of the elements of his theme in the *Musical Offering*. But in the most purely ingenious parts of the *Musical Offering* Bach's reversals and inversions of his theme were limited; he did not go in for purely mathematical permutations of notes.

Such perceptive writing helps us to set the claims of abstract art into proportion. We choose purity and we may sacrifice allure. We choose richness, and we may sacrifice form. Yet both these seemingly contradictory movements in art may spring from a response to the challenge of our time. The one may feel that only by setting the fundamental and unchanged purities of line and volume (to use sculptors' language) as an image before a debauched public can the creative artist be true to his function. The other may feel that only by enriching the sensibility in as many directions as possible ('Ripeness is all') can the starved soul of the technologist be given fresh nourishment to come alive again.

To sum up by reiterating one point: if our most real responsibilities are to inner values which are in opposition to the general run of our time, where do we get the strength to live by these values, as indeed we must, in all the societies that wish to make the expression of these values impossible? If, on the contrary, we live in a country where expression of these values is permitted, if discouraged—as in England now I speak to you on the recently truncated Third Programme—would it be peevish not to wear our tribulation like a rose? I think it would be.—*Third Programme*

Penelope in Doubt

Forgotten brooch and shrivelled scar,
Were these his only proof that he
Was her Odysseus? Did she go
Through twenty years of drifting snow,
Whitening that head and hers, to be
Near as a wife, and yet so far?

The brooch came closer as he told—
Grown suddenly young—how he had lost
The wild doe and the raging hound
That battled in its golden round.
She listened; but what shook her most
Was that these creatures made her old.

Odysseus and that idle tale—
How many things in her had died
While hound and doe shut in the ring
Still fought somewhere in the world, a thing
So strange, her heart knocked on her side.
His eyes with time were bleached and pale.

A stranger, who had seen too much,
Been where she could not follow, sealed
In blank and smooth estranging snow
From head to foot. How could she know
What a brown scar said or concealed?
Yet now she trembled at his touch.

EDWIN MUIR

A Naturalist in the Congo

The second of two talks by JOHN HILLABY

HERE are about half-a-dozen ways of getting into the Congo, and mine seemed to be the worst. I flew in one of those big, comfortable, characterless aircraft and travelled for twenty hours without seeing anything. However, there were some compensations on the last leg of the journey which lies between Khartoum in the Sudan and Stanleyville in tropical Africa. We had been flying for four or five hours over a seemingly endless sea of sand and scrub when the pilot pointed to a long white bank of cloud to the south-west and said: 'There are the trees'.

That is just what they were. From the cloudless skies of the desert we plunged suddenly into a white wall of mist. It was the steamy breath of a million trees in the rain forests 10,000 feet below. The sudden transition was remarkable. Clear skies . . . cloud. During the course of the next two months I dodged in and out of that mist at ground level as I moved between the forest and the bush. At the end of my journey I climbed the great range of hills to the east of the Congo—Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon—which stick out of the ancient continent of Africa like a rain-trap and catch the wet winds from the Indian Ocean. What I have to say now is taken from my notes of that journey.

First impressions came from little incidents. I spent my first night in Stanleyville. I remember a bar in a little hotel where enormous moths and praying mantises were perched on the top of the bottles of sticky liqueurs, and now and again a bat would swoop in, fly across the bar, and clear the lot. I remember the young Belgian planter who said he had to put on sun-tan lotion a week before he left for home leave because his girl friend expected him to be sunburnt but, in point of fact, he rarely saw the sun among his trees. At night I also remember the noise of two kinds of drumming. There was the jazz on the radio programme from Leopoldville, and below it, but more insistent, the sound of the talking drums of the Lokele outside the hotel where messages were being sent up and down the river from dusk to midnight.

The next day I went up the river myself to a place called Lindi, where the Belgians have established a farm for chimpanzees for experiments with a different type of anti-polio vaccine. The vaccine

used in Britain and America is 'dead'—that is to say the virus is killed with formalin before it is made up for use. But there are a number of researchers, particularly a certain Dr. Koprowski in the United States, who consider that the vaccine would be safer and more effective if it actually contained live viruses of poliomyelitis in a weak or attenuated form. Some doubts still exist about how strong a safe virus could be, and the chimpanzees are



'The little tribesmen of the Congo'—

helping the Belgians to find out—the Americans, too, I may say: they are paying for the experiments. If you have a soft spot for chimpanzees, it is only fair to the researchers to say that they are giving themselves the same shots they are giving the apes.

My reason for going to the Congo recently was to find out something about life, both animal and vegetable, in the forests and the gamelands. Forest life is certainly prolific. The trees hum with insects and the metallic cries of birds. But I must admit it is difficult to see anything except trees. They rise to a height of about 140 feet, but the moment you leave the roads or tracks and try to get among them you are pulled up sharp by an absolutely impenetrable barrier of prickly thorns and sharp leaves. I tried to cut my way into the rain forest with a machete and gave up after a painful five minutes. In short, you soon learn that the only people who can move about inside the forest with any ease whatever are the little tribesmen of the Congo, the Pygmies, and they follow animal tracks which are invisible to anybody else.

Negroes never go into the forest. They are scared of the trees. But they employ the Pygmies to go in for them. The Pygmies catch animals, small deer and the like, and they exchange what they catch for the food grown by the



—and okapis, the rare short-necked forest giraffes, which the Pygmies are trained to catch, at a trapping station in the Belgian Congo

Negroes. A good working arrangement on the face of it, but there are a number of snags: the Pygmies are bullied and exploited by their big overlords. A Negro chief will number his Pygmies among his possessions, like cattle. He calls them his 'clients'.

I spent some time among the Pygmies of the Epulu river, a big tributary of the Congo, and it was there that I saw what seems to be the beginning of a revolution among the Pygmies of Central Africa. The village of Epulu is an animal-trapping station, run by the government. The Pygmies are excellent trappers and they are paid to catch various kinds of beasts including the rare okapi, the short-necked forest giraffe, which are sold to zoos for £2,000 or £3,000 each, sometimes more. What has happened at Epulu is that the Pigmy has learnt the value of money; he is no longer dependent on a system of barter which usually does not work in his favour and, as a result, he has more or less told his Negro overlords to jump in the river. This is causing a good deal of ill-feeling locally, among the Negroes.

You may think it surprising that the Pygmies did not do this years ago, but they are a very primitive people. They do not grow crops, and they have not learnt or they refuse to make fire: they buy it on the barter system from their bosses. For the Pygmies, money—'getting-stuff', as they call it—is something new. The money-making idea of it is rapidly spreading.

From Epulu I went east by the forest roads to Mutsora, which lies at the foot of Ruwenzori, and I was not sorry when I got there. Forest travel is dull: you drive for days in a narrow corridor between the trees. They are a dull green with almost no other colour:

all the fantastic orchids you have heard about do not come from the Congo or, as far as I know, from anywhere else in Africa. But the Mountains of the Moon really are something. They received that name, by the way, from Ptolemy who thought they were the probable source of the waters of the Nile. They also feed the Congo river, and I was able to stand on a narrow ridge where, literally, a drop of water will either flow north to the Mediterranean or, if it falls a few inches away, west into the South Atlantic.

The hill station of Mutsora has many claims to fame, not the least being the fact that it is one of the snakiest places on earth. Among them are black mambas which have the unattractive habit of lurking in trees and dropping down on to the unwary. They will also chase you, or so I was told. This may well be a fact, but surprisingly few people die from snake bite in the Congo. A man who had been there for fifteen years told me he had heard of two cases, and he had made a study of the subject.

Our first job at the hill station was to hire twenty jolly-looking Wanande porters. They climb in their bare feet, carrying about fifty pounds on their heads. We also bought provisions for six days and set off looking remarkably like a cartoon. When I say we 'climbed' Ruwenzori I should perhaps explain that for the first 11,000 feet the mountain was very steep but also very heavily forested so that it was rather like going up belfry steps; arduous, but by no means difficult by mountaineering standards. Above the hill station there were banana plantations with strips of elephant grass in between, and as we got higher we could look right across the floor of the Great Rift Valley to Uganda beyond. We were about a quarter of a degree north of the equator and it was hot!

Above the grass there were tree-ferns and an abundance of birds. I used them as an excuse to take a rest more often than I should. I remember, too, that on the second day we came

across a herd of highland elephants playfully uprooting trees. How the beasts managed to keep their feet on a slope like a roof I do not know. As soon as they heard us there was complete silence and they just melted away. The trees looked as if they had been hit by a typhoon, and one long thin broken tusk was left on the ground: the porters said it was from a young female. At night we used to sleep to the accompaniment of a sound like steam escaping from a dozen boilers: it was made by a small rabbit-like animal, the tree-hyrax, on which the leopards feed. Apart from that there was no sound except the occasional cries of the fish-eagles.

I thought we had got over the most arduous part of our climb, but there was worse to come.

This was a belt of extraordinary stuff known as giant tree heathers. It was undoubtedly heather; you could recognise it anywhere. But it was about twenty feet high and the roots, the bruyeres, were as sharp as broken pipe-stems. It was a fantastic business altogether. We used the roots as a staircase. Some tribesmen in search of game had cut the trail and the only alternative was to try to crawl through the sphagnum moss on either side, but I gave that up when I stuck my staff into it and found I could not touch bottom. On the whole I am not very fond of giant heathers.

Giant vegetation is probably the most remarkable feature of the peaks of Ruwenzori. Above the heathers there were giant lobelias and giant groundsel or ragworts about the size of birch trees. The lobelias were bright blue and patronised by sunbirds even more brilliant than the flowers. Above them was the last vegetation of all, the

everlasting papery-looking immortelles which gave way for the snow. Believe me, it was cold up there, notwithstanding the fact that we were almost on the equator.

I am rather hazy about what happened above 13,000 feet because I am no climber; I was not over-fond of the arêtes and I had a bout of mountain sickness. I felt rather drunk and not a little awed by what I saw round me. There were three lakes, one bright green, another black as coal, and a third a dingy grey, all surrounded by sharp pre-Cambrian rock. The famous Lacs Vert, Noir, and Gris. From one of them the Belgians have been fishing out a bacteria about which you will probably be hearing more. It lives exclusively on urea, probably a run-off from the giant vegetation, and it may have some use in the treatment of rheumatism. They are trying it out at the moment at the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

For my part I was concerned only about keeping my balance and taking an intelligent interest in a place I shall almost certainly not see again. Before we turned round and started the trail back to the last camp, it started to snow, a fitful wind-driven snow, relieved now and again by the faint warmth of an almost vertical sun.

As I stood on a peak which was as high as I was able to get, I remember the breath-taking view far across the Rift Valley into Uganda. It was only a glimpse, because the snow-clouds came down like a theatre-curtain and cut us off from the world below. But I can remember volcanoes standing out of the game-lands of East Africa like pyramids: and I can remember the shimmer of heat-mist more than 12,000 feet below. When the view was obscured we were almost entirely isolated on what is in point of fact a relic of the oldest land mass in ancient Africa, the pre-Cambrian rock of Ruwenzori. What those old rocks looked like I cannot describe here, except to say that they were immense and majestic, and the place itself was almost absolutely silent.



Mr. Hillaby among the giant vegetation at an altitude of about 12,500 feet on Mount Ruwenzori

'Without the Passion of Love'

OSBERT WYNDHAM HEWETT on Lady Trevelyan of Wallington

FOR most of us, it is with a little shock of surprise that we find so decadent a poet as Swinburne deserting the 'roses and raptures of vice' for the somewhat austere pleasures of Northumberland. Certainly his ancestral home was Capheaton near the Northumbrian village of Cambo, but it was not any inordinate affection for his grandfather that attracted him so often to the Border country.

The nearest house of any size to Capheaton was the eighteenth-century mansion of Wallington, of which the host and hostess, Sir Walter Trevelyan and his wife, Pauline, were fully as eccentric as the little poet himself.

In 1833 Walter Trevelyan had, as a geologist, attended the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cambridge. By the age of thirty-six his emotions had begun to resemble the fossils to which he was so devoted, and his miserly mother was convinced that she would be spared the expense of a daughter-in-law. Trevelyan's father, the fifth baronet, had estates amounting to some 35,000 acres, his Devonshire property at Seaton being given in Domesday Book as already belonging to the Trevellys. Walter himself preferred Wallington to their enchanting Elizabethan house in Somerset, Nettlecombe Court, and it is to his profound knowledge of the local legends and minstrelsy that we owe Swinburne's 'Border Ballads'.

At the British Association meeting, Trevelyan met a remarkable girl of seventeen, Pauline Jermyn. Her father, a clergyman who combined his work as a genealogist and antiquary with his parochial duties, lived near Cambridge, and Thackeray was among the many undergraduates who enjoyed his hospitality. The papers that were read at the meeting were too recondite for the journalists who were there, but the seventeen-year-old Pauline was able to supply almost verbatim reports from memory.

She was an odd child with whom her stepmother was quite unable to cope. As active physically as she was mentally, her quick hazel eyes

could size up anyone in a moment, and having absolutely no affectations herself would permit none in her acquaintance. The redoubtable Professor Whewell had submitted the manuscript of his *History of the Inductive Sciences* for her approval, yet she was gayer than the majority of girls of her age, and scandalised the ladies of Cambridge by her unconventional behaviour. In an age when back-boards and anything but easy chairs were *de rigueur*, Pauline liked sitting on the floor, and on the floor she invariably did sit. Even the dour, unimpressionable Walter Trevelyan was fascinated by her, and two years later they were married.

The first eleven years of their married life were mostly spent wandering round Europe. In the memoirs of the period there are many references to young Mrs. Trevelyan's brilliant parties in Rome, where all the European and American celebrities of the day forgathered. The scientists who called on her taciturn husband stayed on to enjoy the sparkling conversation of his gay little wife. The future Cardinal Wiseman was often there, since differences of creed or race meant nothing to Pauline. With her husband she rode on mule-back through Greece, making the series of sketches that are now in the British Museum. Articles on her travels were published in *Chambers' Journal*, and brought her into contact with the Edinburgh intellectuals, while her acquaintance with, and tremendous admiration for, Turner, together with Walter's interest in geology, brought about her close friendship with Ruskin.

In 1846 Walter succeeded to the title and the estates. It meant that henceforward England must at least be their headquarters, and Sir Walter at once decided that Wallington should be their principal home. Although somewhat miserly Sir Walter Trevelyan was an enlightened landlord, and it may have been the comparatively neglected state of the Northumbrian property that influenced his choice, since it offered ample scope for all his more advanced ideas. The magnificent gardens were a great attraction to them both. The



Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan



The central courtyard at Wallington, Northumberland, which at Ruskin's suggestion was roofed in and became a music room. The frescoes, by William Bell Scott, illustrate events in Northumbrian history

A. F. Kersting

great landscape gardener Capability Brown had been born in a neighbouring village, and one of his earliest efforts was to plan the lake at Wallington.

It was a vast barracks of a place, built round a dark, gloomy courtyard. The principal rooms had splendid ceilings, and it was a museum of art treasures, but few of the rooms were papered or carpeted, and the Northumbrian gales howled through the ill-fitting doors and windows. Comfort, however, mattered little to the Trevelyanys. Provided there was room enough for his collections of minerals and fossils, Sir Walter was happy, and provided there was room for all the friends Pauline collected wherever she went she, too, was satisfied.

Teetotal Owner of a Fine Cellar

Although Lady Trevelyan took not the remotest interest in housekeeping, she was, for her guests' sake, delighted that with Wallington Sir Walter had inherited one of the finest cellars in the kingdom, sherry laid down in 1745 for the victors of Culloden being only one of the treasures. With his usual contrariness Sir Walter became an ardent teetotaller, and although Pauline insisted upon his visitors being suitably wined her husband eyed them with open disfavour if their appreciation of the superb vintages was too marked. To emphasise her own views on temperance, Pauline promptly painted an inn-sign for the nearest public house.

In 1848 Ruskin married Effie Gray. Some months before the wedding he was delighted that Lady Trevelyan approved of his bride for, as he assured Effie, there was no one of whose friendship he was so desirous for her. Pauline's affection for him led her to review his pamphlet 'Pre-Raphaelitism' for *The Scotsman*, for which she wrote a number of reviews. Through Ruskin she met the whole Pre-Raphaelite circle, and entertained most of them either in London or at Wallington.

When Ruskin made his ill-fated journey to Callander with his young wife and Millais in 1853, they stayed with the Trevelyanys on their way north, and Ruskin suggested that the great gloomy central courtyard should be roofed in and become a music room with arcaded galleries and frescoes. His hostess seized enthusiastically on the idea, and Dobson, the Newcastle architect, was at once summoned to draw up plans. At about the same time the Trevelyanys got to know William Bell Scott, who was teaching painting at Newcastle, and who was an adherent of the Pre-Raphaelite school. From his first meeting with Pauline he was her devoted slave, and was enchanted when she commissioned him to do the series of paintings of events in Northumbrian history for the new saloon. This devotion greatly amused Rossetti, who wrote:

There once was a Lady Trevelyan
Whose charms were as one in a million.
Her husband drank tea
And talked lectures at her
But she had no eyes but for William.

In 1854 the Russins separated and provided the whole country with a first-rate scandal. For months Effie had been discussing John Ruskin's shortcomings as a husband with anyone who cared to listen, and immediately after their parting she wrote to Pauline giving her story as the injured wife. Pauline straight away wrote to Ruskin assuring him of her sympathy. His reply was dignified and charming. He told her that there were 'only two people beside my parents whom I mean to acquaint with the whole circumstance of this matter, they are Dr. Acland and your husband. The world must talk as it will. I cannot give it the edifying spectacle of a husband and wife challenging each other's truth'.

A month later he sent Lady Trevelyan a long letter in which he said 'except only with you and Miss Fortescue, it was generally sure that Effie would take a dislike to the people I liked best'. As Effie had been blackguarding him to Miss Fortescue and her brother for months, Ruskin lost their friendship, but Pauline became stancher than ever.

The same year a seventeen-year-old Etonian was a frequent visitor to Wallington. Algernon Swinburne, his flaming hair streaming out, galloped over from Capheaton to glean all he could from Sir Walter's inexhaustible knowledge of the old Border ballads, or passionately to declaim his first poems to Pauline, the only woman who seemed to understand all his ideas and ambitions. Until her death Lady Trevelyan was probably the best influence in the poet's life. Completely unshockable, she could appreciate

the most outrageous of his writings, and he was therefore all the more ready to listen to her when she advised him to tone them down for publication. Sir Walter was delighted to encourage Swinburne's enthusiasm for the old Border songs, but had no sympathy with the 'roses and raptures'. Even a volume of Balzac, which the young man had brought his hostess, so horrified her husband that he threw it in the fire. Swinburne promptly left the house, but was soon back again to see his dear lady.

It is strange that Pauline's marriage should have survived. Sir Walter is reputed never to have smiled, and was so obsessed with his indifferent health that he would do nothing that in any way increased the rate of his pulse. He was certainly interested in anything he thought was for the welfare of the general public, but had none of his wife's ready sympathy for the individual. He considered himself to be a Radical Liberal, yet he had an odd conception of democracy. When in 1865 his nephew and heir stood as Liberal candidate for Tynemouth, Sir Walter bought an estate in that constituency for £61,000 to gain the tenants' votes. The seat safely won, Sir Walter blandly resold the estate.

Pauline on the other hand so devoted herself to her friends and their interests that she had little time for public affairs. It was almost only for the lacemakers of Honiton that she showed much interest for a wider issue. The Trevelyan property in Devonshire numbered many lacemakers among its tenants, but the designs had become so stereotyped that there was little sale for their work. Pauline designed a number of new motifs, with the result that the Honiton lace of today is largely due to her.

By 1861 the series of paintings for the new music room was finished, and all the Pre-Raphaelite visitors to Wallington were roped in to paint in the intervening spaces. Rossetti, Arthur Hughes, even Ruskin himself were among the painters whose work is to be seen there, while the sculptors, Alexander Munro and Woolner, are splendidly represented.

Holman Hunt, himself co-founder of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, had considerable reason to be grateful to Pauline. In 1861 his famous picture, 'The Finding of Christ in the Temple', was on exhibition for almost a year. During the dark winter months gas lights were kept burning above the painting, which necessitated a canopy curtain to prevent reflection in the glass of the picture. Through some mishap the curtain one day caught fire. There was only one bucket of water available, and the terrified visitors rushed away, while the flames were scorching the canvas. Fortunately one lady had the presence of mind—and the generosity—to throw the splendid Indian shawl she was wearing over the flames, with the result that the picture was only slightly damaged. The lady then disappeared, and it was not until years later that it was discovered that Lady Trevelyan was the heroine.

Permanent Visitor

That acidulated old gossip, Augustus Hare, had heard too much of Wallington and its occupants to miss it for his journal and was so entranced by the eccentricities of his host and hostess that he stayed several days, despite the lack of modern comforts, trying somewhat optimistically to protect himself from the attentions of the headless ghost by pushing a dressing table against his bedroom door. However little Hare may have appreciated the vegetarian diet Pauline favoured or the so-called edible fungus that Sir Walter collected and tried to force upon his guests, he admitted that there seemed to be no limit put upon the length of anyone's visit. A Mr. David Wooster had years before arrived to catalogue the fossils and minerals Trevelyan had brought back from Iceland. The odd hospitality apparently suited him as he was still there, and stayed for yet another eighteen years.

Both Thomas Carlyle and his wife liked the Trevelyanys, and were pleased to find they were neighbours when they spent part of the spring of 1865 at Seaton. It was with Mrs. Carlyle that Pauline left her dog Tiny when with Sir Walter and Ruskin she went to Switzerland the following year in search of health. At Neuchatel Pauline heard the tragic news that Tiny had been the cause of her friend's death. Three weeks later she herself was dead.

A brilliant woman, she created little herself, but her genius for friendship encouraged and inspired some of the best work of the period. Her devoted William Bell Scott wrote of her: 'She was a true woman, but without vanity, and very likely without the passion of Love'.—North of England Home Service

Cloaking the Dagger

By ANGUS MAUDE, M.P.

NOT long ago, when my wife was away from home, I had occasion to buy some eggs. They had the word 'Standard' neatly printed on them, apparently to denote their size, which was minute. 'Why', I asked in my simple way, 'not call them small eggs?' 'Oh', they said, 'if we called them that no one would buy them'.

This, I think, is called psychology, and on the whole I am against it. It manifests itself nowadays in many different ways. Sometimes it is used to conceal downright dishonesty—for example when you buy a familiar product in something called a 'new handy-sized packet' and find that the weight has been reduced by an ounce while the price has remained the same. Incidentally, the sort of firms that do this are apt to indulge in other kinds of euphemism. For instance, they insist on the need for what they call 'orderly marketing' of their products, which generally turns out to be a gigantic conspiracy for suppressing competition and keeping prices up.

Political Catch-words

I suppose we all expect to find exaggeration, euphemism, and even a measure of mild deception in advertising and propaganda. Political propaganda, like the advertising of consumer goods, has developed a language of its own. One side, having found, for example, that 'nationalisation' has become something of a dirty word, renames it 'socialisation', or 'public ownership', in the hope that it will sound better that way. The other side boldly preaches the virtues of 'free enterprise' and competition, though the enterprise is not really very free, and the efforts of whole industries are devoted to the restriction of competition.

Again, there are those who believe that the economy would get along better if the present low rate of unemployment were rather higher. But to advocate unemployment would be political suicide, so they get round it by attacking what they describe as a 'condition of over-full employment'. The solution is to reduce over-full employment to full employment, which sounds respectable and humane, but still involves having twice as many unemployed as there are now.

I remember that during the deflationary slump of the nineteen-thirties no one dared openly to call for a policy of 'inflation', since the word still recalled memories of the disastrous breakdown of the German currency after the first world war. So they talked about the need for something called 'reflation'; I think I used to do it myself. Nowadays, it is considered equally indecent to advocate 'deflation', which suggests the mass unemployment of the inter-war years; this is therefore skilfully avoided by calling it 'disinflation'—a monstrous word which means either deflation or nothing at all. I am sure that if we ever have another slump we shall go on calling it a recession, or a downturn, or something equally ridiculous, until long after it is over.

One could go on multiplying examples of political euphemism. For instance, 'keeping a matter under constant and careful review' means doing absolutely damn-all about something rather awkward. You urge your opponents to 'put Country above Party', which generally means asking them to do what *you* want instead of what *they* believe to be right. But you urge your own side to be 'loyal', which means following the party line even when your colleagues think the interests of the country ill served by the policies of their leaders. Your own election promises are a 'massive programme of social reform', although those of your opponents are 'irresponsible attempts to bribe the electorate'. It is astonishing how quickly some politicians get the hang of this double-talk, and how many of them end by believing it themselves.

In general, this political mixture of euphemism and meiosis is pure humbug. To give just one more example, I am getting a little tired of the propaganda use of the term 'the Free World',

which in its widest sense embraces a considerable number of unmistakable military dictatorships, and in its narrowest describes an alliance of which at least two members are governed in an extremely authoritarian way, to put it mildly.

As I said, all this is humbug. Why, then, are the humbuggers allowed to get away with it? I am afraid the answer is disconcertingly simple. There is so much miscellaneous humbug everywhere else that a little more in politics is hardly noticed. It fits naturally into the general pattern of behaviour. I am not referring simply to the bogus respectability and ghastly false gentility that social satirists have attacked for centuries. There is something newer, and—in my opinion—worse. It is the Cult of Cosiness. It is a widespread conspiracy to ignore unpleasantness, to pretend that things are better than they are and that everything will be all right. It is the refusal to face the need for uncongenial effort, for new ideas and hard choices. The easiest way to dodge the issues is to deny the existence of any unpleasantness that calls for remedy or threatens danger.

This is not primarily due to the smugness and moral superiority that has caused so much hypocrisy in the past. It is due largely to fear: fear of a hard and doubtful future, in which familiar values will be questioned, familiar landmarks disappear, familiar assumptions cease to correspond to reality. This fear of the future has another result beside the tendency to ignore or belittle unpleasantness. It produces an increasing desire to look backward rather than forward, to live in the past and magnify its splendours. This is faithfully pandered to by British writers and film-makers. But the politicians are well to the fore, building the Empire, winning wars, or introducing free elementary education and old age pensions, as if they had happened only yesterday. The heirs of Disraeli, Gladstone, and Keir Hardie have more to say about their heroes' past achievements than about their own proposals for the future.

Is this healthy? I very much doubt it. Perhaps you feel it does no harm, but I am not so sure. It is all part of the same frame of mind as that which produces so much of the backward-looking pep-talk propaganda that we know so well. Whenever we have an economic crisis or meet with a diplomatic reverse, whenever the Russians send up a satellite or we have to cadge some rockets from the Americans, someone can be relied on to trot out the old story about how Britain invented radar, and jet propulsion, and penicillin, and all the other wonders of the age. Just as we invented the piston steam engine, the spinning jenny and a host of other useful gadgets—once upon a time.

Changing with the Times?

But times have changed, and not everyone has changed with them. Meanwhile, if things look bad, or bleak, or ugly, we do not think too much about them. If we have to mention them we call them by different names, so that they will not sound so discouraging. If we call preparations for war a defence programme and a sucking great hydrogen bomb a thermo-nuclear deterrent, it is easier to view them with a certain amount of detachment. If we call economy cuts a rephrasing of the investment programme, they appear less likely to hurt us. If we describe a wave of crime by young thugs as an increase in juvenile delinquency, it not only muffles the sound of real people actually being coshed, but puts the whole thing into the abstract realm of sociology, where it can be dealt with by psychiatrists and social workers; then parents can relax by the fireside without worrying about what their sons are up to.

We can get rid of sin with equal ease, and everyone agrees that this is a good thing to do, for sin went out a long time ago and we must move with the times. Soon, for example, there will be no 'prostitutes', which is an ugly word and suggests a rather sordid blot on our ideal existence. Get them out of sight and they

become Call Girls, which sounds much nicer. After all, it is not very different from changing one's husband whenever one finds a richer or more attractive man, and women who do that are much admired in the popular newspapers. It is true that to have six ex-husbands is still thought more respectable than to have six discarded lovers, besides paying just as well, but we are becoming more broadminded every day.

Ah well, it's love that makes the world go round, and sells the newspapers too. But the thing is, we must all conform to the nice bright pattern, or how can we keep things going? If some people are just going to do what they want to do, and others keep insisting on their old-fashioned ideas of what is right, it sets up dangerous tensions and sows horrible seeds of doubt in the rest of us.

For example, the plain-spokenness of the recent exchange of letters between Mr. Thorneycroft and the Prime Minister seems to have upset a number of people who prefer to have unpleasantnesses decently veiled. This reminds me that a whole literature of euphemism could be compiled from the correspondence attending the enforced resignations during the past fifty years of Ministers who had forfeited the confidence of their Premiers. It is, of course, extremely upsetting for the public even to suspect that the management of important government departments has for some time been entrusted to incompetent blockheads, so that the changes are made to conform to a familiar pattern. The Minister, seething with fury and hurt bewilderment, announces that he has 'long felt that it was time he made way for a younger man', and that it was 'only his sense of public service and his loyalty to his leader' that kept him in harness so long. It will be, he adds, with genuine relief that he gets back to his former job of breeding pigs or defending criminals at the Bar. To this the Prime Minister, who has for months been driven crazy by the stupidity and obstinacy of his departing colleague, replies that he 'accepts this decision with genuine regret' and scarcely knows how the Cabinet will get along without the 'wise counsel and unwavering devotion to duty' which he has come to value so deeply. He then gives him a peerage or a nationalised Board.

Incidentally, if you are still in any doubt about this conspiracy of euphemism, consider the nomenclature of something which in the last century has been called successively a privy, a water-closet, a W.C., a lavatory, and a toilet. There is nothing suggestive or indecent about any one of those words, yet the name can last only as long as we all pretend that it means something else. Already the word 'toilet', degraded to a genteelism, is becoming rather suspect, so that people are beginning to wonder, and the American euphemisms 'rest room' and 'powder room' are beginning to creep in over here. They will not last any longer than the others. I think it was Gilbert Harding who told a story about a little girl whose pony 'went to the bathroom' outside the front door one day.

It is just as easy for manufacturers—and workers too—to suggest that there is something vaguely indecent about a firm trying to sell its goods cheaper than the rest. We must conform, or cosiness is lost. The firm, we begin to think, does it by exploiting its workers or using shoddy materials. Lower prices would be nice, but that is something quite different; all that stuff about inflation and the like, which is strictly something for the Government to cope with.

Does this seem hopelessly exaggerated? I assure you it is a widespread attitude of mind. Does it seem remote from my starting point, which was the tendency to call things by more attractive or high-sounding names than their nature warrants? It springs from exactly the same cause. It arises from a conviction, which competitive politicians and pandering newspapers have done their best to implant in people's minds, that things ought to be getting steadily better and better; that it is the business of governments, and of other people referred to vaguely as 'them', to see that they do get better; and that if by any chance they don't get better, it is more comfortable to ignore the failure and pretend it hasn't happened than to recognise the nature of the error. In that way we can exclude the disquieting thought that perhaps the failure is our own, and that in the long run things will get no better than we ourselves are willing to make them by our own efforts.—*Home Service*

The Legend of Momolo

The third of four stories of the Solomon Islands by D. C. HORTON

THE South Seas are not so remote and romantic as they used to be—too many films and too many war experiences have made them known to you—but there are parts of the Pacific which are still comparatively unknown, and I am thinking now of the western Pacific. But, you will say, surely that is where Guadalcanal is, and you are right; but since the war have you ever thought of Guadalcanal or the Solomons again? Before the war they were almost unknown to most people, then in 1942 they became the scene of some of the bitterest fighting of the war. They lingered on in the public eye for a few years and then faded from the headlines.

You may remember them with loathing because of the fighting, you may remember them with nostalgic pleasure as they were before the war, but once you have been there you will never forget them, and the story I am going to tell you happened when I was District Officer in Guadalcanal in 1940.

There are hundreds of islands in the Solomons, but the big ones are really big—with a length maybe of more than 100 miles—all with mountain ranges, heavily rain-forested, surrounded by lagoons, coral reefs, and mangroves, and some of them go sheer down into very deep water. The whole group is volcanic, and because the sea floor is often disturbed by submarine upheavals the tides are most peculiar. I have known as many as four high tides in a day there. The people in the Solomons are mostly Melanesian and they are fascinating. They differ a great deal amongst themselves, and you can see from island to island how the migrations through the ages have left their marks as the people swept into the islands and on and through into the Pacific. You

might see one day a negroid type bushman going naked in the mountains of Malaita, then on another occasion you might be up in Choiseul and you would meet people with thin, aquiline faces, matt black skin and a most extraordinary aptitude for figures. Or you might go down to San Cristobal and find the people looking very like Phoenicians.

As a result of all these different kinds of people there is a large number of dialects—so much so that it is impossible to find one that you can use as a *lingua franca* throughout the group. The working language is pidgin English, although it is now being replaced by English. I wish I could talk to you now in pidgin. I think you would find it very funny, and especially is it funny when you are hearing a court case.

In 1940, at the time of which I am speaking, I had my district headquarters in Aola Bay which is on the south-east coast of the island. Things were beginning to hot up as far as the war was concerned, although the Japanese had not appeared in the Solomons at that time, so one night when I was startled out of my sleep by a thunderous banging on the bedroom door I really thought the Japanese had landed, but after I had disentangled myself from the mosquito net and got a torch I found it was my Sergeant of Police, Andrew Langaebaea. With him there was a runner from the hill district of Vololo, and his news was serious enough. The headman had sent word that there was likely to be heavy inter-tribal fighting because someone had violated the sanctuary of the spirit which they worshipped and which was known as the Momolo—and everyone was accusing everyone else. The runner told me that the trouble had all started when a number

of women in different villages had given birth to babies which were deformed or idiot, and, as no one could explain it, the tribal priests were certain that someone had violated the forbidden haunts of the Momolo on the mountain which the natives called Tatuve.

After I had heard this I arranged to leave with a police party at dawn to try to stop the trouble before it flared up into anything serious. I sent for my native doctor, Eroni, who was a very good Fijian. He came along yawning and wondering what on earth I wanted him for at two o'clock in the morning. I told him what had happened, and I said that it sounded to me as though the women concerned had been working too near their time of delivery, and as the so-called fields in the mountains were nearly vertical it was no wonder that the children had been deformed or idiot. He thought this over, and considered that possibly my idea was right. So he said he would come along with me and try to explain what might have happened to the people in the hills.

It was cool when we set off next day but, as usual, in about half an hour we were all wet through with sweat. There were no roads on Guadalcanal in those days and no cars. There were some rudimentary tracks, but the people disliked keeping them clean—I think they were suspicious of what their neighbours might do if the approach to their villages was made too easy—so we climbed steadily upwards through heavy forests and over wet clay, down again into the steep-sided valleys, up again the other side and repeated the performance all day.

I was in a hurry to get to Vololo, so I did not stop for a break at mid-day, and we were all mighty glad when we reached the overnight stop about five o'clock. We had done about thirteen miles as the crow flies, I suppose, were about 3,000 feet up, and we had been going since dawn, which will give you some idea of what the walking was like.

The village headman had news of our coming. The runner from Vololo had gone back to tell the people that we were on the way, and fortunately the rest-hut was clean. He had also organised the villagers into hunting some wild pig, so the police and the carriers had a good blow-out which pleased them immensely.

Next morning it was fine, and everyone felt strong again, so off we went for the Vololo sub-district, and my old friend Jackie Sua's village where I knew he would have all the headmen assembled. We climbed even more steeply than the day before, but the hill people who had taken over the carrying treated it as child's play, going up and down the nearly vertical slopes without turning a hair. They all had wonderfully muscled legs, but their arms were small by comparison, and of course the reverse held good for the salt-water folk who spent much of their time in canoes.

About four o'clock we came to a natural defence feature on the other side of which was Jackie's village. This feature was a narrow rock buttress with a sheer fall of several hundred feet on either side of it. At one place it was not more than eight inches wide, and although the hill people walked across as though there was a good wide road I always made discretion the better part of valour, and when I came to the narrow bit I used to cross it with my legs hanging down either side, in a kind of leapfrog. On my previous visits this exhibition used to be one of the highlights of the day, and the whole village used to turn out to laugh and cheer and hope for the worst. It was significant that on that day there was no one in sight. There was a nasty kind of brooding atmosphere that I did not like a bit.

When we had got across, Jackie Sua came down to meet me. He was a small, broad, powerful man with a fine sense of humour

and a gentle way with him which was unusual among those pagan people. I liked him a great deal, and I knew that if he could not handle the trouble himself, it really was serious. He had cleared a hut for my party, and I was glad to get into some dry clothes and have a cup of tea. Meanwhile I could hear the assembled headmen talking and coughing and spitting in the next hut, where there was a large smoky fire going. The smoke came into our hut and it was very difficult to see. When we had rested for a while, I called the doctor and we went into the next hut. My corporal, who was a hillman himself, had posted his police strategically round the hut, and, although I did not think there would be any trouble, I was glad he had done so, because I saw as we went in that the bush was alive with people, and they had all brought their spears and their bows and arrows.

We all made ourselves comfortable, and I handed round the sticks of tobacco which the island people love—twist tobacco soaked in molasses. Then I heard at great length from each headman his views of what had happened. When they had all had

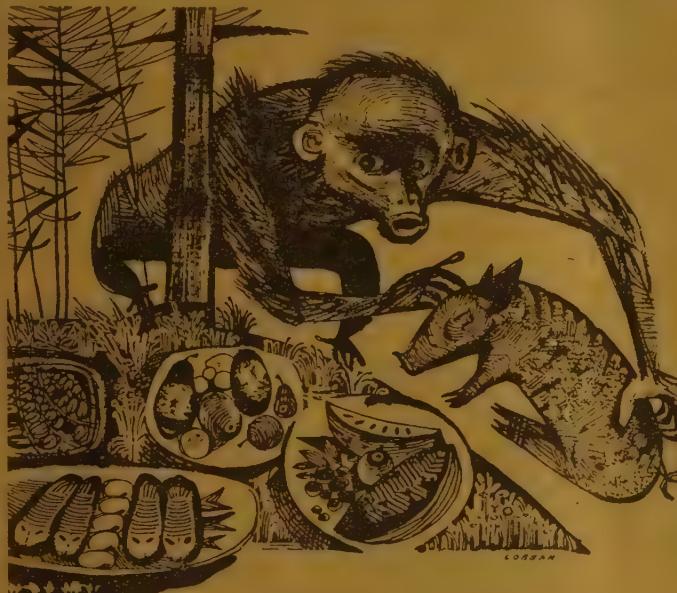
their say, I got Eroni to explain what we thought had happened, and he drew diagrams on the floor in the firelight. The headmen all listened most courteously, and with great concentration, but at last one of them said: 'Master, what you say may be true, but we know this wouldn't have happened unless someone had made the Momolo angry—and if we don't find out who it is and appease the spirit we are very much afraid that all our crops will be ruined'.

I argued with them until I was hoarse. I went on talking at them, but nothing I could say would make them alter their minds, so at last I said we would all sleep on it and see whether we could not work out something in the morning.

Of all the fascinating things I ran across in the Solomons I think the legend of the Momolo was one of the most interesting. The Guadalcanal people believe that the Momolo is a spirit in a kind of human form who lives on the top of Tatuve, which we call the Lion Mountain. So long as his sanctuary is not violated and so long as he is offered sacrifices of pigs and vegetables at the right times, the people believe that he will look after them and their crops. No one has ever seen the Momolo, but Jackie told me one day when there was no one else about to hear him that his grandfather had told him, very secretly, that the Momolo was like a small brown man, covered with long hair, very active and very fond of fruit. The Solomons have been cut off from the main continental mass for thousands of years, and there are few indigenous mammals—certainly there are no monkeys—but my own theory, for what it is worth, is that the Momolo was really an orang-outang from Borneo. Whatever it was, it holds a very high place in the religious life of the pagan people, and a party of Austrian sailors who tried to climb Tatuve in the eighteen-hundreds were all killed by the hill people because they violated the sanctuary of the Momolo.

Next morning the headmen seemed a little happier—maybe it was the tobacco I had handed out the night before, perhaps it was the presence of law and order in the shape of the police. After some more talk they all agreed that the Momolo would be appeased if a great sacrificial dance was held that night in his honour. I agreed with that idea, and everyone raced off to tell their villages to bring in pigs and vegetables for the dance feast. It was amazing to see how the atmosphere changed, particularly as the hill people did not generally give vent to their feelings. During the day the people came swarming in from the surrounding villages, and that night there must have been a crowd of about 1,000 round the sacrificial grove in the valley below. In my hut I could smell the roasting pigs, and presently, when night came and

(continued on page 162)



NEWS DIARY

January 15-21

Wednesday, January 15

Coal Board rejects union's claim for a forty-hour week and a sick-pay scheme for the whole industry

British troops fly from Jamaica to Nassau, capital of Bahamas, where a general strike has been called

Kenya Government outlaws a secret society among the Kikuyu with aims similar to Mau Mau

Thursday, January 16

Text published in London of Mr. Macmillan's reply to Mr. Bulganin's letter of December 11

The Minister of Health announces changes in procedure for admitting people to hospitals for mental defectives

National Union of Mineworkers decides to go ahead with an immediate claim for ten shillings a week for 300,000 workers

120,000 railway engineering workers claim substantial wage increase and shorter working week

Friday, January 17

London busmen decide to press their claim for a wage increase, but vote against a strike or a ban on overtime

Mr. Macmillan announces in a speech in Colombo that the United Kingdom is to double the £10,000 she has given for flood relief in Ceylon

A review of the police forces in England and Wales is recommended in an official report

Saturday, January 18

Algerian rebels kill twenty-eight French troops in an ambush

Forty-six people are arrested in Spain on charges of trying to re-form the Spanish Communist Party

Sunday, January 19

Sir Edmund Hillary flies to South Pole to await arrival of Dr. Vivian Fuchs

French warships intercept a Yugoslav vessel off Algerian coast and remove cargo of

Snow falls in many places in British Isles

Monday, January 20

Dr. Vivian Fuchs and the United Kingdom team reach the South Pole

Scheme started in north-west England to reduce absenteeism in the pits

Tuesday, January 21

Bank Rate Tribunal's report is published

Parliament reassembles

Changes announced in Australian immigration laws



Mr. Harold Macmillan, who is touring the Commonwealth, accepting the gift of a rifle from tribesmen of Pakistan's north-west frontier during a ceremony of welcome at Jamrud, in the Khyber Pass, last week



Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations (right), photographed with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, with whom he had discussions during a brief visit to London on January 16



Pupils from two London schools at close quarters with a python at the Zoo last week during one of a series of educational visits that have been arranged for the spring term



Mr. Macmillan photographed January 16 for a three-day visit to S. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, who is now in New Zealand



The final scene of 'The Carmelita' at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

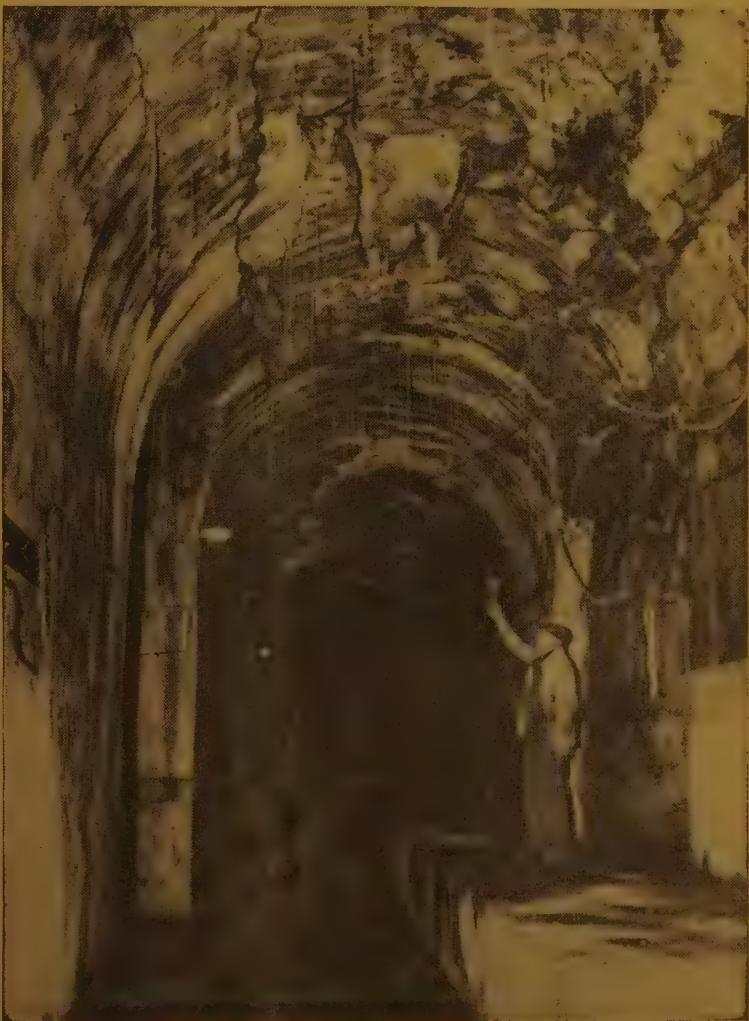


arrival in Colombo on Ceylon. With him is Mr. Macmillan of Ceylon. Mr. Macmillan is at the stage of his tour

The standard of No. 41 R.A.F. Squadron being paraded for the last time at the famous wartime fighter base of Biggin Hill, Kent, during a ceremony on January 16 marking its end as an operational airfield



opera by Francis Poulenc, which was performed for the first time in this country on January 16. Elsie Morison is seen as Sister Blanche on her way to the guillotine



The Maginot Line today: stalactites hanging from the roof of one of the galleries: a photograph taken on January 17 when the former underground defence system was opened for inspection

(continued from page 159)

the moon rose, a number of fires were lit round the dancing space, and the dancing started. It was unforgettable. These dances come from the edge of time and have been handed down by generation after generation. The music was made by pan-pipes, nose flutes, and wooden drums, and the rhythmic stamping of feet. The women did a particularly lovely dance called the Ropa which represents a parrot flying through the forest. About three o'clock in the morning it was clear than everyone was very happy, but I could keep awake no longer and went to bed.

Next day they all went off to their own villages and I set out for Aola. Jackie came with me to the boundary of his district and when we were saying goodbye he looked a bit embarrassed. I asked him what was the matter.

'Master', he said, 'it's about the pigs'.

'Well, what about the pigs?'

'Master, who's going to pay for them?'

'Why, I thought you and the other headmen were', I said.

'No. We can't very well. You see, whoever pays for the pigs will be thought to have violated the sanctuary of the Momolo'.

I was caught. 'All right, Jackie', I said. 'I'll pay for them'.

When we got back to the coast I thought that as the pigs had saved the Government from an awkward situation it was only right that it should pay for them. So I wrote officially to the Solomons Treasury explaining the circumstances and asking for reimbursement of the fairly large sum involved. After some months I got my answer: 'Sir, With reference to your letter dated January 8, 1940, it is regretted that as the expenditure to which you refer was unauthorised, reimbursement cannot be made'.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

A Special Language

Sir,—The impression, now all too prevalent, that contemporary art criticism often employs a highly specialised and pretentious vocabulary almost unintelligible to the uninitiated, gains some support for Mr. David Sylvester's contributions to THE LISTENER. One may take as an example the conclusion of his notice of Mr. Michael Andrews' exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery. 'These paintings', we are told, 'begin with the idea of depth and then contest it till the elusive point is reached at which space seems to have a radiant amplitude and yet be destructible. Thus it becomes infinitely precious'.

Now, Sir, if we reflect upon this passage, I am afraid we must conclude that it is empty verbiage. The pictures did not paint themselves—that is a mere verbal subterfuge to conceal, one suspects, the lack of an intelligible meaning—and how can the painter beginning with an idea, then decide to contest or fight against it, until he reaches a point (well described as 'elusive') when what he has created seems capable of being destroyed; and because it so seems, for some abstruse reason becomes 'infinitely precious'? Even if we can accept the comparison of one of Mr. Andrews' pictures with a Piero masterpiece, surely it is going too far to credit him with creative powers possessing a value to which no limits can be assigned. Or is this to misinterpret Mr. Sylvester's meaning?

This sort of writing, in which if there is any meaning, it must be painfully sought for, helps, I suggest, to bring about the lamentable divorce of contemporary art from life by propagating the notion among the public that the study and appreciation of pictures is an occult activity from which normally intelligent people must inevitably be shut out. True, to clarify one's ideas and their expression on such topics involves a considerable intellectual effort, but you have distinguished contributors (their names will readily occur and with gratitude to your readers) who are scrupulously lucid and never indulge in mystification. Nevertheless, it remains true that the use in art criticism of vague, imprecise terms and of a vocabulary rivalling scientific jargon in its obscurity—a sort of debased linguistic coinage—in recent years has increased notably, is increasing, and ought to be suppressed.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

RALPH EDWARDS

Is There a Christian Philosophy?

Sir,—The Rev. B. M. G. Reardon has certainly struck a convincing blow at the 'extreme biblicist' approach to theology. The fact that Karl Barth's thought is very much under the influence of Kierkegaard is surely indicative. For Kierkegaard, the primary constituent of the human being is consciousness of one's relationship to God; and for him, too, essential knowledge is not, as one would suppose, knowledge of essences, but subjective, experiential truth: truth *for me*. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that Barth's theological deduction postulates little more than an aesthetic experience of the ineffable as the sum of theological knowledge. But, clearly, the exclusion of conceptual terminology from the scope of theology is an absurd proposal.

Where, however, Mr. Reardon appeals, in support of his plea for a Christian philosophy, to a relationship between Christianity and philosophy that is 'in essence, a relation of unity', his arguments seem to be less convincing. The use of reason, if it constitutes a 'partnership in truth' between theology and philosophy, constitutes too, and by the same criterion, a partnership in truth between theology and any other intellectual activity that relies on rational argument. Yet it can hardly be supposed that politics, say, is essentially related to theology—and in a relation of 'unity', which, whether numerical or specific, must mean essential community. Moreover, it cannot, it seems, be maintained that theology is concerned with the essence of philosophy, and *vice versa*, as long as the positivistic scientism of so much contemporary philosophy refuses to have anything to do with metaphysics—let alone God. Though one can readily agree with Mr. Reardon that 'the philosopher . . . must', or should, 'eventually face the problem of . . . transcendental reality'.

When a philosophy with a developed metaphysical borders on the confines of theology, the point of contact would seem to be not so much a relation of unity based on the instrumentality of reason (which can anyway never be more than the *objecum formale quo*), but rather the possession of a common *objecum materiale*: God. In so far as metaphysics deals with this object, it does so because it is interested in the formal aspect of it *qua ratio entis*, and its formal

object *quo* is, and must be, confined to the natural light of reason. Sacred theology, on the other hand, deals with God under His formal aspect *qua ratio Deitatis*, and has its own formal object *quo*: the light of divine revelation.

That the use of reason must enter into the explicitation of theology is obviously so; but it would not seem to constitute the *essential* relationship between theology and philosophy that is apparently claimed for it. It is of the essence of theology to deal with the supernatural; that of philosophy to deal with the natural. Philosophy, formally defined, is *cognitio per primas et universales causas sub lumine naturali rationis*. The two disciplines, in fact, are not related in essence: they are essentially independent of each other. For, while it is certainly so that there cannot be two absolute truths, it is also so that there is more than one formal aspect to the same object matter of the intellect. It is because philosophical concepts can, by analogy, touch on the object of theology, and serve to express the light of divine revelation in intelligible terms, that philosophy has been called the *Ancilla Theologiae*. It is also because philosophy has an indicative, directive, and defensive primacy over the subalternates, profane sciences that it claims the title of 'queen of the sciences'. But essentially Christian, philosophy cannot be, just as its own, subalternates sciences can not be essentially philosophical. The individual philosopher may well be the happy recipient of supernatural light; and philosophy certainly has its part to play in the rational exposition of the tenets of faith. But Grace perfects nature; it does not destroy it. It leaves it, essentially, intact. For this reason, then, philosophy as such can never be more than accidentally Christian—in so far, that is, as it conscientiously believes in the dictum: '*Initium sapientiae, timor Domini*'—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

R. M. S. BEATSON

The Shadow of the 'Bulge'

Sir,—Mrs. Simon's laudatory comments on Soviet educational achievements are doubtless justified—and supported by the observations of Professor Kurt Mendelsohn in a recent broadcast. As a teacher I welcome the provision of a non-specialist education for all children up to the age of eighteen as an admirable ideal.

But I am left somewhat in the dark about the

exact implications of what Mrs. Simon means by an 'educated democracy' and 'secondary education for all'. Is a uniform system to be imposed by the state on all schools throughout the country? Are education authorities and head teachers merely to be cogs in an administrative machine, ordinary teachers lesser cogs and the pupils the smallest cogs of all? Is any discretion to be given to teachers in what they teach and how they teach it? Would I be performing a disservice to international understanding by reading with my fifth form (as I have done recently—admittedly for a public examination) Orwell's *Animal Farm*? Critical awareness of political problems is something that needs to be fostered in the younger generation, not only of Britain but of Russia. Heaven knows we have nothing to be complacent about in our educational system, but it will be a great day when sufficient numbers of Russians are educated into awareness of the defects and denials of their own political system, and are moved to correct its abuses and hypocrisies.

Fairmindedness, charity, tolerance, and other ancient and well-tried virtues are conspicuously absent from the precepts, propaganda, and practice of authoritative Communists throughout the world. There have, however, in the post-Stalin era perhaps been faint signs of consciences being stirred in the Kremlin. Is it too much to hope that the new educated democracy in Russia will speed the process?—Yours, etc.,

Ipswich

KENARD SEACOME

A Religious Justification of Divorce

Sir,—The object of my broadcast was to describe the attitude of the Eastern Church to divorce, and I have it now confirmed by a foremost authority of that Church that my interpretation was correct. Rule 4 of the First Canonical Epistle to Amphilochius definitely does not apply to widows or widowers whom the Eastern Church considers in the light of I Cor. vii. 39 and 40:

The wife is bound by law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord. But she is happier if she so abide, after my judgment: and I think also that I have the Spirit of God.

In Rule 48 of the Second Canonical Epistle to Amphilochius Mr. Francis Morgan's source seems to have omitted three important words of St. Basil which closely belong to the saint's quotation from Mt. v. 32. These words are, again, 'after my judgment'. As St. Paul preferred widows not to re-marry after all, so St. Basil having written in his First Epistle about indulgence to the innocent party of a broken marriage here expresses his personal preference for no re-marriage.

I am glad to know of Fr. G. H. Joyce's *Christian Marriage*. But his are the strictures or interpretations of a Christian belonging to a different obedience; and not to be wondered at since the Sixth Oecumenical Council's outspoken criticism of certain practices recently introduced in Rome was placed on record at Trullo.

But, as far as my broadcast is concerned, more to the point than any conflicting interpretations, or the strictures of each other, by the Churches of Byzantium and Rome is the fact that the Eastern Church's attitude to the re-marriage of divorced persons stems from its extreme pastoral concern for the life lived by every one of its

members. Other denominations may feel and express their concern differently; but the Eastern Church's attitude follows its own ancient tradition and is based on its own theology.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.6 IULIA DE BEAUSOBRE

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Restoring Oxford's Buildings

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to an inaccuracy in the talk by Mr. David Holmes about the restoration of Oxford's buildings which you published in THE LISTENER of January 16.

Mr. Holmes correctly states that the cost of the restoration work which he saw at Oriel was £3,500, but he is not correct in stating that this expenditure has been met by the first grant of £3,500 out of the University building appeal fund. So far this college has not received any grant from the fund. We understand that a grant may be made some time this spring but the amount has not been stated. The probability is that it will not by any means be sufficient to cover the total cost of the work so far undertaken.—Yours, etc.,

Oriel College,
OxfordK. C. TURPIN,
Provost

Radio Drama

Sir,—As a practitioner in radio drama I have been following Mr. Walker's letters and criticism of late with interest. The situation is rather baffling: those writers and producers like myself who are trying to create a drama exclusively for the medium of sound radio see in your radio critic a man whose interests lie elsewhere, obviously in the legitimate theatre. The task of being a critic of radio drama in these circumstances must be a pretty gruesome one and one's sympathy goes out to Mr. Walker. But not all one's sympathy, for we suffer too. How often is it that a radio work is ignored by Mr. Walker whilst he spends his whole space on what is undoubtedly a learned discourse on some stage masterpiece which has been given a broadcast? How often is it that some indifferent radio play is selected for criticism to prove Mr. Walker's point that Drama Department ought to be producing more and more of those theatrical master works so neglected by the theatre itself?

Too often, I suggest, for the health of radio drama, which needs above all things at the moment informed criticism. Surely such criticism ought to be available in the columns of THE LISTENER, particularly at the moment when creative radio work is almost entirely ignored by the rest of the press.—Yours, etc.,

Drama Department, FREDERICK BRADNUM
B.B.C., London, W.1

Music and the Third Programme

Sir,—As a corollary to Mr. Geoffrey Sharp's letter published in THE LISTENER of January 9, might I plead with the B.B.C. to throw a minute sop to those listeners who have lost so much from the mutilation of the Third Programme and for whom Network Three piles insult on injury by devoting more space in *Radio Times* to forthcoming foreign programmes.

There are several foreign stations within easy reach which regularly broadcast programmes

acceptable to the educated ear, some of them, it is said, owing their origin to the prestige of the old Third Programme. It is so difficult to tune into them without advance information. Surely the millions to whose will the B.B.C. is subservient would not grudge the sacrifice of a little space to a sorrowing minority.

Yours, etc.,

Wallingford

H. WARNER ALLEN

The title of Mr. Richard Murphy's poem which was published in the Travel Books number last week should have been given as 'Round the World in Ninety Minutes'.

Growing Fuchsias

DURING RECENT YEARS there has been a great revival in the fuchsia. There is a Fuchsia Society, and at all the large shows up and down the country special classes are held for fuchsias. They are natives of Central and South America and the West Indies, and they are also found in New Zealand. The story goes that the first plant of this genus was brought over by a sailor who sold it to a nurseryman down by the Thames.

Fuchsias are very easy to grow. They root from cuttings like weeds, especially if you can give them a little bottom heat in a propagating case. If you have not a case, a box with two inches of sand as a rooting medium and a sheet of glass over it will do. Keep them close, and in about three weeks roots will have formed. Keep them shaded from the sun. Once they are rooted, pot them into 60-sized pots in an open compost. Put them back in the box for a few days till they get over the shock. Remember, always pot lightly at all stages later on.

To see them at their best they should be grown as standards or bushes, and they make lovely plants trained up the roof of a greenhouse, and the small flowered varieties as bedding plants. At the present time they should be resting—the soil being kept on the dry side, especially for window plants. You will often find they want to keep on flowering even when resting. Do not let them do this. Remove the buds before they have time to open.

When you are ready to start them off for another year prune them back into shape by removing any long, straggling growths, repot into fresh soil, and keep them moist. Fuchsias are gross feeders and once the roots reach the side of the pot they will take plenty of liquid manure or fertilisers. Never let them get dry, once you start feeding. If you bed them out it will help them if you give the ground a good dressing with manure. The only pests to worry them are greenfly and whitefly. Use an insecticide on them at once. That will keep them clean and healthy.

Here are three reliable varieties: first, a good double, 'Ballet Girl'. This has large pink-and-white blooms and it is a great favourite all over the country. In a window in Cumberland there are three 'Ballet Girls' which fill the window completely. The second variety is 'Huntsman'. This is an amazingly rich salmon colour. Last, the dwarf hardy, 'Alice Hoffman'. This is a perfect bedding, about eighteen inches high, and covers the entire bed with rich red flowers.

F. H. STREETER

—From a talk in Network Three

Two Poems

For One's Dead Friends

Fit for a knacker's yard,
This carcase, this poor
Parthenon is still so marred
And purged a prodigy,
None can feel condescending. From its floor,
Where wagtails run and dip
In marble puddles after morning rain,
Columns empower the air with flesh,
Not stone, tender and fresh:
Making surrender and the pain
Of exaltation grip
The midriff into love.
Where to turn, giddy from shock?
Below, a woman spins, shouts to a neighbour;
Children play. High, high above,
Sea-eagles, circling slowly, eye with disfavour
Any shell left chipped and empty
On a rock.

So, harassed, puny man
Has built, ennobling the weak moment.
Further, taking stock, we can
Jot down that in no matter what ironic
Landscape people work and die—
The serious, foolish, modest, lewd,
The bold or shy, violent or subdued,
With their diversity of features,
Humours, failures—
They have renewed
Their pity, and are found

Forgiving God each tragic,
Tearing thing,
Throat swollen and voice faltering
From gratitude.
What more should I,
Too often muddled, earthbound,
Need for simple nourishment?

In spite of which I waste
My breath, and spill live sorrow on the thought
That we, who carry friends,
Like a good taste
In the mouth, so short a time, ought
To be left, not random odds and ends
For a remembrance, not a shard
Stupidly small and hard,
But some outstanding plier
Of the mind to wrench, turn and amaze;
Some elegiac force
Whose lunge and potency
Could lather Phaethon's slipping reins, each
horse
Sun-bent, but undisastrously:
More than Achilles felt when mountain flanks
Showed muletracks, scarred all sideways,
To get planks
To feed Patroclus' fire.

The pen scratches and flies drone
And towns suffer heat,
And I know life to be weariness
And the sour pleasure of the incomplete.
To ease it calls for fantasy.

Let me then take, for my own
Use, the ghost-drenched hollowness
Above new Athens, perfectly aloof
From traffic and complexity
Spread out beneath, yet part of every roof
And hearth, (as what is gospel true
Should be, so preachers say)—that shell
Flushed in the haze, colour of asphodel;
And pick it up and hold it to my ear
Whenever, privately, I wish to hear
Its murmur celebrate
Those whom I knew,
Who were both good and great.

SHEILA WINGFIELD

The Mute

The point of what you want to say
is good, although the sound it makes
is rather like a gasp,
a document.

It bridges years in agony
and rises with much toil,
saying to us somehow,

But there
are many friends for you,
We are a legion now,
longing always to speak.

DWIGHT SMITH

The Faith of a Salesman

(continued from page 147)

he believed absolutely in Britain's aims, in her people, and in her survival as a necessity for the survival of the free world, in ethical as well as monetary terms.

I believe this is why we so frequently falter nowadays in the world-wide battle of ideologies. There is little wrong with the ideas and ideals which we try to persuade the rest of the world to accept—but until we are fully convinced of their worth ourselves, we shall not succeed in convincing others. Consider the last few years—France and Britain against the United States over Suez; Britain and the United States against France over arms for Tunisia; France and the United States of America against Britain over Indo-China. First we must decide what exactly it is that we have to sell—and it must be something to which we can all fully subscribe. Then, perhaps, we shall find the faith to sell it successfully.

The struggle for men's minds today is, in large measure, a conflict of salesmanship—the selling power of Western liberalism against the dogma of Communism. Unless we know and practise what we are selling and have full belief in it, we shall lose our customers in favour of opponents with single-minded adherence to their faith in their own rigid economic and social

order. In addition we must learn how best to sell our own ideals.

The modern salesman is a craftsman—sometimes in the obvious sense that he paints a poster; more frequently in the less obvious sense that he uses certain tools and techniques in moulding demand. The salesman must try to guide the customer's demands.

It may seem here that I am making an ill-concealed plea for modern private enterprise. That is not so. Selling is not confined to the private sector. For several years I was at the head of a large state concern: British Overseas Airways Corporation. We had to sell and sell hard. It was not always easy. To begin with, by international agreement we had to charge exactly the same rates as our competitors. At that time our own industry was not able to produce all the aircraft we wanted, and often we had to operate with less attractive aircraft than our competitors. So our selling points had to be greater operating efficiency and better personal service to passengers. That policy met with considerable success.

I speak of B.O.A.C. because I knew it best. But there were great successes in other nationalised concerns—often successes of well-planned salesmanship. Surely no one is going to say

that what we did then and what these concerns are doing now is not worth while? Should we in industry really sit back and wait for customers to come to us so that we do not dirty our hands with vulgar things like dynamic salesmanship and persuasive advertising? One thing would be certain if we did: customers would soon drift away. Our country's present precarious balance-of-payments situation would become catastrophic.

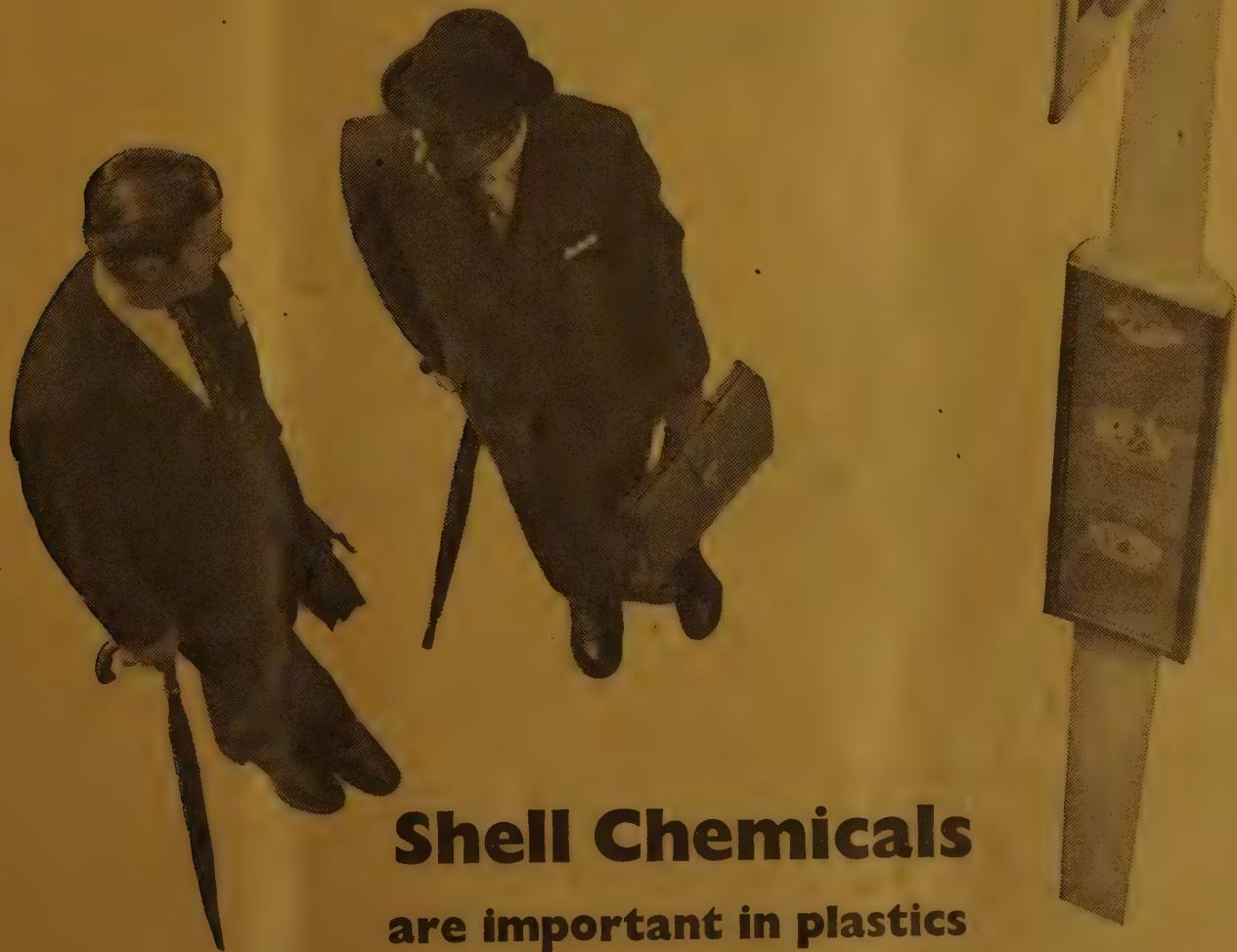
So where does all this lead? To this: that this country can no longer afford a negative attitude to the question of selling. Today some of Britain's best salesmen are investigating our opportunities in a Western European Free Trade Area. Give these people a sense that they are wasting their time, that no one really cares whether they do well or not, and you will destroy our economic future and seal our fate as a nation. If clear thinking cannot convince us of that, then hard economic facts most certainly will. We must encourage these men to take the forward, progressive view.

After saying that, I must bring to your notice my last article of belief as a salesman. It is this: talk only as much as necessary. Even the best of salesmen can spoil a deal by overstating his case. I hope I am too old a hand for that!

—Third Programme

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Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THE Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York owns an impressive collection of the work of Kandinsky and it has now lent forty of his oils and five of his watercolours to form an exhibition in the Tate Gallery which has been arranged by the Arts Council. This gives an excellent view of his artistic development, from the rather untidy, thickly painted, but quite sensitive little landscapes he produced in the first years of this century down to the works of his mature style—the latest picture is dated 1944—which are, of course, purely abstract and have evidently been designed with the help of ruler and compass.

Kandinsky is supposed to have painted the first of all abstract paintings, a watercolour which he executed in 1910. At this time he was much under the influence of the *fauve* painters, but by detaching their style from such direct references to nature as they still habitually made he found a way to express, paradoxically enough, his own highly individual vision. If it had not been so he might easily have turned the impulsive brushwork of the *fauves* into a kind of *tachisme*—in the catalogue Kandinsky is actually claimed as a forerunner of this kind of painting—but his spontaneous gestures do in fact build up into mysterious, extra-terrestrial landscapes in which it seems to be quite possible to distinguish animal from vegetable even though neither may belong to any known species of living creature. Perhaps it may be thought that here it is the spectator rather than the artist who is seeing pictures in the fire, but it is impossible to look carefully at such a work as the 'Composition, No. 2' of 1910 without being sure that the artist himself intended to suggest precisely what these forms do suggest, images of fantastic trees, animals, and figures in a more or less coherent space.

Between the two wars Kandinsky subjected his art to a much sterner discipline and often made his compositions out of ruled and strictly geometrical forms. Inevitably this excluded, at least to a large extent, the element of visual imagination and suggestion which adds so much to the appeal of his earlier work. A more serious impoverishment, in some at any rate of these works, is in the forms; their geometrical regularity often makes them meagre, and sometimes, as when the artist has ruled a number of thin and perfectly straight lines, they seem unassimilable in any genuinely pictorial design. No doubt it was on principle that Kandinsky made things difficult for himself—he is one of those artists who delight in manifestos and statements of policy but his natural sensibility certainly

shows itself, more especially in the smaller works of this time, whenever his touch gets free from the mechanical regularity he so often imposes on his handling.

The National Gallery has bought a large work by Philippe de Champaigne, 'The Dream of St.

to have their effect; one is compelled to admit in the end that it is not pompous, any more than Racine is, nor is it, after all, in the very least absurd.

Ought one to spread paint on the canvas by walking about on it? This, it appears, is what

Mr. William Green has done in three large pictures which are ludicrously entitled 'Asphyxiation, 1', 'Asphyxiation, 2' and 'Asphyxiation, 3', and the answer seems to be that you can if you like; it makes very little difference so long as you are engaged in 'action painting'. He is one of five young artists exhibiting at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Mr. Peter Coviello seems to justify the statement in the catalogue to the effect that some young painters consider 'Astounding Science Fiction' more essential reading than the works of Roger Fry; he has, at any rate, entitled two of his canvases, covered with a broken but largely uneventful surface of paint, 'Violet Triffid' and 'Mauve Triffid', triffids being a dangerous kind of vegetable invented by a writer of science fiction. One of Mr. Richard Smith's paintings is meant to be hung from the ceiling but a comparison between this and his paintings for walls does not explain why. Mr. Peter Blake shows what are really *trompe-l'oeil* pictures, very closely resembling stained and torn advertisements for tattooed ladies and other sideshows: some are rather funny. It may be thought that someone should tell young painters not to be so excessively silly, but for a critic to attempt to do so would obviously be a waste of time.

Mr. John O'Connor's style in his paintings at the Zwemmer Gallery may derive from the new realists but his landscapes, such as 'Black River Nest', are often agreeably romantic with a sensitive appreciation of effects of evening or winter light. In his figures he makes a rather incongruous attempt at charm and they are apt to be wooden in construction.

The paintings of Mr. Bruno Pulga, a young Italian artist, at the Matthiesen Gallery are abstractions from landscape; he is an accomplished technician and often a sensitive colourist. Mr. John Lake's landscapes at the Mayor Gallery are cubist in style and have a marked refinement of execution.

Mr. A. Bogart, a Dutch artist working in Paris, is holding his first London exhibition at Gimpel Fils; his abstract designs are built up out of truly ponderous encrustations of paint. At the same gallery there are some lithographs and etchings by Pierre Soulages; decisive gestures with a brush loaded with black paint are here most skilfully reproduced in another medium.



'The Dream of St. Joseph', by Philippe de Champaigne

Joseph', which is now hung in Room XIV among the other seventeenth-century French pictures. As with many French religious paintings of this period, it takes some effort to approach it with an adequate and willing suspension of disbelief; the angel hovering just over the head of St. Joseph and revealing to him the mystery of the Incarnation as he dozes in an extremely handsome armchair is so corporeal an apparition, the saint so dignified in his slumber, the Virgin so placid in the face of the strenuous and monumental effort that is being made to explain things to her husband. Unlike Philippe de Champaigne's later paintings of the world of Port Royal this is decidedly a 'grande machine', even though some *genre* painting in the Flemish manner appears in the picture. But it is a wonderful performance and after one has contemplated it for a while the artist's sustained gravity and the extreme dignity of his style begin

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Memoirs of a Public Baby

By Philip O'Connor. Faber. 18s.

THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY is singularly impressive because of its candour, and impressively singular because of its author's total concern with self. Mr. O'Connor oscillates between 'Dear Me!' and 'Damn me!' to an equivocal—almost a schizophrenic—degree. 'I was, and am', he says, 'like a cup of water without the cup, and dangerously flowed into other people's ways of being'. His book represents not only a search for self but for self-possession.

A penurious childhood allowed him little identity or resting-place. "Home" was Mother, and then her trunk, her coffee pot . . . Together we played at everything, even at not eating and at flitting round by moonlight'. His portrait of his mother is perceptive in its love, emphatic in its resentment. Lovable but irresponsible she would disappear for years at a time, leaving him to the care of a landlady or a voluntary guardian, thus fostering in him a chameleon-like involvement and detachment, 'an excruciating hope and a baleful disappointment that developed into a neurasthenic *noli me tangere*'. 'My misery was genuine. At fourteen I put my head in a gas-oven—on a pillow'.

Here, then, was established the pattern of Mr. O'Connor's split attitude to himself and society, of his headlong flight in later years through the Waste Land of the 'thirties with its dreams and drams and drums, its alcoholically bright young poets and painters, its psychic purges and cathartic brothels; its Bohemian anarchy and rebellious ideologies. Mr. O'Connor spared himself no pains. 'Does not the road of excess lead to the desolate shack of wisdom?' he asks. His own road led tragically to a disastrously broken marriage and a mental hospital. Self-centred as ever, he managed to hold on to his childlike self as to a life-line. Out of it all he learned 'the fundamental law that says: one must mature. It is the sacrifice most abhorred of "romantic" poets; and one feels about it, of course, that one will lose "all one has", which in England is inextricably involved in arrested development'.

Memoirs of a Public Baby is not a work of art nor does it purport to be, for Mr. O'Connor, though once known as a poet, is too egocentric to bother about universality. He can write excellently but he rather prefers to hack his hasty way through the verbiage between conception and expression. Throughout the book, in his search for self-expression, he is painfully determined to run himself down, to peel off one mask after another and show the dog beneath the skin. In a careful and well-judged preface Stephen Spender remarks the integrity of the man who emerges thus without a mask. One doubts if Mr. O'Connor will thank him. 'I see this book quite clearly', says Mr. O'Connor, 'as an attempt to worm myself into the graces of "society"'; and he points to 'the culling of self-depreciation, artfully ameliorated for great verisimilitude, with modest self-congratulation'. Self-deprecation could hardly go further or be more tortuous than this; what is it after all but the pattern of Mr. O'Connor's split life, his deep distrust of society's stiff, stifling masks, his

love for the intimate breathing self. Yet his memoirs end on a note that promises a resolution of the dichotomy: 'We are beyond *cris du coeur*; we are beyond stiff lips . . . I close on intimations of the third, already working up, when easy breathing will return with that real society in which, at last, self-interest and that abstract and deceitful wrack of humanity called "altruism" will be unified'.

Politics and the Poet

By F. M. Todd. Methuen. 25s.

Wordsworth's Cambridge Education

By Ben Ross Schneider, Jr.

Cambridge. 32s. 6d.

These two books complement each other, Mr. Schneider devoting a whole thesis to a period in Wordsworth's life covered by Professor Todd in a short chapter. Mr. Schneider shows in great detail how Wordsworth came by the revolutionary opinions which he afterwards discarded; Professor Todd explains how and why he discarded them, and attempts a justification of the political philosophy held by the poet in his later years. Mr. Schneider's book will appeal to a few Wordsworth scholars and perhaps to those who are interested in the history of education at Cambridge. Professor Todd's book should be read, not only by lovers of Wordsworth's poetry, but also by all who have experienced as an aftermath of the Russian Revolution the kind of doubts that assailed Wordsworth as an aftermath of the French Revolution.

In spite of its detail, Mr. Schneider's book does not greatly add to the knowledge of Wordsworth's early development that we derive from *The Prelude*. But it does show that then as now two processes of education go on in a university, one open and academic and of little relevance to inner development; the other underground and heretical, vitally influencing those who succumb to it. Mr. Schneider argues, very convincingly, that Wordsworth's revolutionary radicalism was in some sense a rationalisation of his disillusionment with the University.

Professor Todd, though not discounting the influence of the Cambridge dissentents or later of Godwin, is able by taking a wider view of the problem to see Wordsworth's political development as a personal drama. There is no reason to suspect the depth of sincerity of Wordsworth's early revolutionary sympathies—again, *The Prelude* is sufficient evidence. But by 1794, when he wrote his revealing preface to *The Borderers*, Wordsworth had undergone a moral crisis the precise nature of which is still a matter of dispute. Professor Todd, though he does not summarily dismiss the possibility, is cool towards the theory that remorse for his treatment of Annette Vallon was the decisive factor. He suggests rather that the death of his brother John at sea was a profound shock which forced Wordsworth to a questioning of his own self-sufficiency. A 'deep distress' had 'humanized' his soul, while at the same time in the world at large it was being demonstrated that the power of evil is in the individual and not in society. Under such stresses 'the over-simplified

picture of the political reformer, of the revolutionary, gave way to the complex awareness of the poet'.

This 'complex awareness' has to explain a good deal—not only why Wordsworth lost his faith in the Revolution, but also his opposition to the Reform Bill, to the abolition of the death penalty, to the emancipation of the Catholics, and to much else of liberal tendency. The argument might be more convincing if at the same time the complex awareness of the poet had led to the writing of better poetry, but Professor Todd does not venture to make such a suggestion. One is left with the feeling that the mystery remains still unsolved, and is to be explained, not in general philosophical terms, but by the analysis of the poet's own complex nature and tragic experience.

Europe since Napoleon

By David Thomson. Longmans. 42s.

This large and ambitious text book of modern European history, which runs to more than 900 pages, should be judged alongside other text books on both sides of the Atlantic. It shows few signs of original research and some of the detail will not satisfy specialists, but it is lucidly and at times very brightly written, it abounds in ideas as well as facts, and it should succeed in opening the reader's mind rather than closing it. Dr. Thomson's ambitions are boldly stated in his preface. He claims that the historian can discern 'certain rhythms of movement and certain patterns of change' in the events of the last hundred and fifty years, and he goes on to maintain that the rhythms and patterns are European, not national, in character. 'Of the numerous histories of Europe which fill library shelves, a depressingly large proportion treat their subject as a mere collation of the separate histories of each individual nation or state': his own book, he declares, will be a book about Europe, about 'general trends' discernible in several nations.

The rhythms and patterns of change which Dr. Thomson discerns are conveniently summarised in brief introductory notes to each of the ten sections. Broadly speaking, it may be said that Dr. Thomson's patterns are all very directly related to his picture of the mid-twentieth-century world: he reads the past in the light of the present. The nearer he gets to 1957 the more space he devotes to the intricate complex of events. The period from 1789 to 1814 is dealt with in 55 pages; the period from 1815 to 1850 is covered in less than 100 pages; the twenty years from 1851 to 1871 require just over 100 pages; and the 43 years between 1871 and the outbreak of the first world war are treated in nearly 200 pages. The year 1914 is a great divide not only in history but in Dr. Thomson's methodology. The years from 1914 to 1939 require over 200 pages, and the years from 1939 to 1955 almost the same amount of space.

Needless to say, it is impossible for Dr. Thomson quite to keep pace with the times and to maintain historical perspectives. It is interesting to compare his brief mention of recent events

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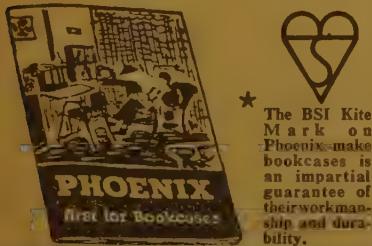
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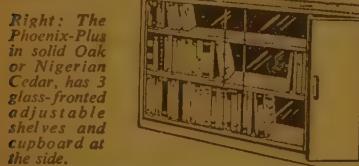
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in Hungary with his four paragraphs on the Hungarian revolution of 1848. A sturdy common sense illuminates the long stretches of contemporary history, but to one reader at least, most contemporary patterns seem somewhat more complicated than he suggests. Dr. Thomson is benevolently disposed to many of the influences making for the 'contraction of Europe' (chapter 31), inclined to play down the differences between the two sides of the iron curtain ('differences of emphasis rather than of two worlds in conflict'), and somewhat complacent about the 'making of a new synthesis' in twentieth-century thought, 'a new system of standards, values and outlooks'. If his picture of the present is slanted, then his picture of the past is slanted too, for his 'patterns of change', as he calls them, are really 'general trends' leading up to the present, and he has an eye for somewhat over-simplified syntheses (e.g., his charts in chapter 13) in the formative periods of the past. His own guiding philosophy is well summed up in his last sentence, re-written in the present tense—'History offers no warrant for either complacent optimism or black despondency. It offers no simple answer: only a challenge to reasonable hope and strenuous, unremitting endeavour'.

Dr. Thomson tries hard to achieve his second objective, that of treating the history of Europe as something more than just 'one damn thing after another', and he has several interesting remarks about the ways in which geography and economic growth throw nations into 'more significant' groupings than diplomacy or politics. His approach to these problems would have been more convincing, however, if he had examined in more detail what successive generations thought about Europe (if they thought about it at all). His preoccupation with patterns directly related to the present seems to stop him from touching on such topics as Gladstone's idea of Europe or the whole fascinating question of British liberalism in a European setting. Even using the author's own framework, something more could have been made of Europe 'from Metternich to Monnet'. There is far more to be said about the balance between 'forces of cohesion and of disunity' during successive phases of European history than is said in this book, and much of it ought to be said to students, particularly the American students for whom this book was originally designed, at an early stage in their education as historians.

Memories of Olive Schreiner

By Lyndall Gregg. Chambers. 8s. 6d. Mrs. Gregg is a niece of Olive Schreiner, being a daughter of W. P. Schreiner, who was Prime Minister of the Cape Colony. Her book is slight, but is intimate, affectionate, temperate, and modest, and brings out the charm as well as the strength of her aunt. Important and interesting as Olive Schreiner's writings are, they are uneven, and she remains famous as a writer chiefly on the strength of a single novel. The fact is that she was a reformer, an independent liberal, feminist, and pacifist, with a passion for justice, which, for her, implied freedom from disabilities connected with sex, race, and colour, and an idealistic breaking down of materialistic standards. Also, she was a highly temperamental asthmatic. The effort to breathe and the impulse to preach (she was the daughter of a missionary) weakened the faculty of creative writing. In a

sense she is almost more memorable as a personality than as a writer.

The time has not yet come when that personality can be fully appreciated. Mrs. Gregg considers that the volume of letters published by Olive Schreiner's widower gives a one-sided view of her character and interests, and it is to be hoped that the many unpublished letters which are believed to survive will some day appear in print. In the meantime Mrs. Gregg, by recording evidence of the humorous and tender aspects of her aunt's character, as well as of deeper and graver matters, shows how delightful as well as vigorous was the vitality of this extraordinary woman. Perhaps the most striking of her anecdotes deals with a family visit to the Victoria Falls in 1911. Mrs. Gregg was one of a party of seventeen persons who found themselves suddenly broadside on, in a small motor launch of which the engine had failed, in the rapidly flowing Zambezi current above the Falls. One female member of the party gave way to panic, but Olive Schreiner was already planning how they should all 'go grandly over together, perhaps singing'. And with real wisdom she insisted, the next morning, that a canoe-trip, planned to cover the same reach of the river, should be duly undertaken.

It is for such incidents, and also for accounts of Olive Schreiner's behaviour in regard to Rhodes, to animals, and to public as well as private events, that Mrs. Gregg's little book will be cherished by those who think of her aunt as somehow imperishable.

Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline By Thomas Moser. Oxford, for Harvard University Press. 25s.

It is generally agreed that Conrad's earlier writings include his best, and that his later writings are well below the level of his best. Enough is known of his life to furnish biographical reasons for the decline. After his best work had been done and had brought him critical approbation but not popular success he was no longer young, was often ill, and still had to get a living by writing. It is possible that he hoped to please more readers with love stories than he had pleased with studies of moral failure. But he has not succeeded in pleasing Mr. Moser, of Stanford University, with the inferior later novels: Mr. Moser finds them 'indistinguishable from popular trash'. His book is the record of his effort to find out why. He is not a mere belittler. For him Conrad is 'England's most complex novelist' and 'one of the finest voices in our literature', a profound psychologist, an audacious craftsman, and so on. His line of enquiry is hardly at all biographical; it has taken him chronologically, and with close attention, through the whole of Conrad's work. His attention has been engaged by matters of technique and by indications of sexual psychology.

Mr. Moser's book hinges, he says, upon his analysis of Conrad's difficulties in writing about love. He considers that Conrad differs radically from other great modern novelists in his 'lack of understanding, in his almost belligerent lack of genuine, dramatic interest in sexual problems'. He quotes another American critic as having spoken of Conrad's 'stubborn and overdressed misogyny'. Even the fairly casual reader may have found amatory themes in Conrad that have seemed implausible, high-flown, romantic, or

ambiguous. He may have had a general impression that the moral problems which most enthralled Conrad were not those of love; but he is unlikely to have observed, like Mr. Moser, 'the near-paralysis of Conrad's creativity when dealing with a sexual subject'.

Intelligent and thorough as Mr. Moser is, he seems to pounce a little too triumphantly on his discoveries of indications of Conrad's unconscious deviations from that 'genuine, dramatic interest in sexual problems' which Mr. Moser sets up as a norm. He recognises the complexity of Conrad; his exposure of creative fatigue in the later Conrad seems often sadly convincing; he painstakingly reminds us that we cannot count upon finding greatness in all the works of a man we sense to be great. But his book does prompt the thought that an analysing critic has cleverly taken to pieces what only Conrad was capable of putting together, and that if Conrad had been more of a 'regular guy' in his feelings about women, he would not have written the great books he did write, and probably would not have been a writer at all.

Great Praises

Poems by Richard Eberhart. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.
The Hawk in the Rain. Poems by Ted Hughes. Faber. 10s. 6d.

Of these two poets the first, Mr. Eberhart, is a well-known American; the second, Mr. Hughes, is a young English writer whose first book won a prize at the New York Poetry Centre and is now published over here for the first time. The two writers have something in common, though it would be rash, in a short review, to argue that this can necessarily be connected up with current poetic taste across the Atlantic. Nevertheless, it is perhaps true that American poets nowadays tend to be more philosophic in the treatment of their material. But the native American, Mr. Eberhart, shares with Richard Wilbur a witty clarity of language which happily simplifies, in his best work, the often rather difficult things he wants to say. Sometimes this simplification brings him close to the position of some of the English academic 'Movement' poets, though on the whole he seems to strike one as more graceful, more mature, and more sophisticated than they are. Thus the bald statements of 'Sestina'—

I die, no matter what I do I die.
Is this the sum of what man has to do?
There is no use to fly to be at ease . . .

—are developed in the poem that ensues into something quite leisurely and—in the pragmatic American way—almost comfortable: there is no sting in the tail:

No matter what I do I have no peace.
No matter what man does he has no ease.
Heaven and hell are changeless when I die.

That is a rather obvious example. Many of the poems in *Great Praises* are more *recherché*, yet immediately recognisable in that curious way in which new poems by a poet who has begun to know himself are recognisable: half a dozen certainly have a beautiful inevitability.

The Hawk in the Rain is evidently the work of a poet with personality and variety in him: the influence of Auden and—in the clotted thick-textured language—Hopkins is marked; the very largeness of what Mr. Hughes tries to take in is an Audenesque largeness. But he tries

to do it all at once (Auden has had volumes and years); much remains unassimilated and a long way from that paring down towards the essential minimum which is the beginning of the poet's own voice: a beginning which many good poets only just, after much experiment, achieve. At

present the variety, the bold leaps of thought and expression, are hard to deal with, especially by quotation in a short review. One may learn, from Mr. Hughes himself in his later books, what to do about such throwings-down of the poetic gauntlet as:

New Novels

I Like It Here. By Kingsley Amis. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.
 The Devil's Marchioness. By William Fifield. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.
 The Juryman. By Donald Mackenzie. Elek. 13s. 6d.
 Sugar for the Horse. By H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

TO say the nice things first, Mr. Amis is as readable as ever—that fairies' gift does not desert him. I snatched *I Like It Here* from the pile and devoured it at a voracious sitting. The meal was enlivened by a number of good jokes and fancies; such as that of the earnest foreign students bewildering their lecturer by their versions of the names of English authors—Grim-Grin, Ifflen-Voff, Zumzit-Mum, Shem-Shoice. (Ah, yes, reader, you skated through that little lot! But who is 'Edge-Crown and his Sickies of Sicknessdom'? No prizes offered. Turn to page forty-six if baffled.) But that is as far as it goes.

This is a thoroughly disappointing book for a variety of reasons—to which I had better try to lend some semblance of order by shuffling them under the twin headings of 'disappointment with plot' and 'disappointment with attitude'. The plot is that Lucky—what am I saying? Same chap, but he's got a new name this time—is that Garnet Bowen is hired to leave good old G. B. (where he Likes It) for wicked foreign parts—Portugal, in effect—in order to see whether a person claiming to be Wulfstan Strether, the famous novelist-recluse, is. Not very original, of course. What's become of Waring? But what's become of Amis? I have read a good many contemporary novels in the past six months but the plots of none of them in any way approaches the working out of Mr. Amis' theme for pure feebleness. Indeed, 'working out' is too charitable a term; the thing is just slopped into a colander and left to drip. And the same is true of the various sketches at sub-plots—there is a blackmail-business, a landlord-business: one expects something, one receives nothing. There is a truly colossal lack of invention. There seems to me to be a maximum allowable degree of mechanical inefficiency, a maximum allowable degree of casual contempt for the reader's intelligence, a maximum allowable degree of overt boredom and lack of self-criticism on the part of an author; and that Mr. Amis has on this occasion exceeded all three.

As to 'disappointment with attitude', the less vital relates to the general theme of *I Like It Here* as adumbrated by Bowen himself.

He was going to write something else instead, about a man who was forced by circumstances to do the very thing he most disliked the thought of doing and found out afterwards that he was exactly the same man as he was before.

Fair enough. The dislikeable thing is 'going abroad'. But may one mildly point out to Mr. Amis and to his *persona* Bowen, that if, when abroad, one lives in the house of an expatriate Englishman, rarely goes out of it, refuses to learn a word of the language, refuses to go any-

where, to see anything, or to do anything (except talk and drink with other Englishmen), and concentrates purely on grumbling about fleas and lavatories, one is indeed only too likely to remain 'exactly the same man as before', if not more so. The wiser part might be a humility before the unfamiliar, and a willingness to learn. And a refusal to be tempted to the committal to paper, on one's return, of such elementary jejune and imperceptible travelogue-observations as form the bulk of the padding of this only too padded book.

But the real disappointment is that the Jimmery-pokery, always outrageous but once at any rate novel and light-hearted, has now set into soggy unfunny Philistine. Lavatory-jokes and bad temper. There used to be, at any rate, an apparent margin of detachment between creature and creator; it was at least possible to believe that there were antics and attitudes of his heroes of whom their inventor did not wholly approve. That is so no longer. Amis-Bowen pays lip-service: he praises Fielding for, above all, his 'moral seriousness'; he attacks his fake-novelist, Strether, for lack of 'clarity, commonsense, emotional decency and general morality'. But under which of these categories would he range his own description of that most beautiful of Anglo-Saxon poems, 'The Dream of the Rood', in which the Cross speaks of its life in the forest before it was cut down, its own torment during the Crucifixion, its apotheosis spanning the earth and heavens in a mingling of diamonds and of bloody sweat, as

some piece of orang-utan's toilet-requisite from the dawn of England's literary heritage?

Does not that offend against each of these four lip-serviced virtues? And when Bowen makes one of his only two or three mildly intelligent remarks in the book, this is immediately qualified as

gross betrayal into non-ironical cultural discussion.

What is Mr. Amis in revolt against? 'The Establishment'? 'Vested cultural interests'? It is certain at least that his wildly flailing lunges never touch 'culture', I mean the real thing, itself. He has not a faintest conception of that real thing, or that 'cultural discussion' can, at higher levels, be—not ironical—not windily bogus—but intelligent and unembarrassed. He sees the middlebrow pomposities and the lunatic-fringe puerilities, and imagines that, because fakes exist, originals cannot. It is really all rather pathetic, I suppose. The grand gesture in the face of art and civilisation turns out, on examination, to be no more than yet another snook cocked at the bourgeois; only this time, heaven help us all, not from above but below.

Here is the magniloquent truth—
 His twelve bright brass bands
 Diverted down mouseholes—
 Walking the town with his head high
 And naked as his breath.

Meanwhile one reads this book with some excitement but also with some reservations.

Mr. William Fifield's *The Devil's Marchioness* is a long dead-pan account of the life, crimes, and death of Madeleine d'Aubray, Marquise de Brinvilliers, in the age of Louis XIV. It is meticulously detailed, absolutely accurate (so far as I can tell), and whether in descriptions of tortures or of black masses, no holds are barred. The combination of this melodramatic subject-matter and the dry, beautifully classical, outwardly emotionless style in which it is recounted gives a peculiar and remarkable flavour. It is the kind of novel, one might say, which one picks up with some misgiving (long: dull? : historical); finds oneself reading with an altogether surprising avidity and an increasingly solid admiration; and is unable to forget—and there are incidents in it that one might wish to forget—for months afterwards. It is, indeed, a very extraordinary, assured, and masterly production, and for those with strongish stomachs is very highly recommended. Recommended as a historical novel also to those who, in the normal way, simply cannot stand historical novels. Myself for one.

In *The Juryman*, Mr. Donald Mackenzie—ex-convict and author of one of the best ex-criminal autobiographies—has written a good thriller with an unusual motivation. The jury in the defendant's first trial have disagreed. Now it is his second trial, and if there is disagreement again he will go free. A single dissentient voice will do it. His right-hand man—in business, not in crime, though he has, in fact, a prison record—approaches one of the jurors in the knowledge that he is vulnerable to blackmail. Now read on.

This is excellent stuff at the high-class thriller level but has, to my mind, one feature that leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. That is the unvarying presentation of the police as crude, corrupt, bullying, beaters-up of the innocent during questioning, bribers of witnesses, forgers of phoney evidence—a tendency that I have, in fact, remarked in a number of blood-chillers lately. Corrupt men may be found in every public body, but to represent the whole force as venal is flying in the face of commonsense and all the evidence. It is an attitude that is unpleasant at the best of times: it comes particularly ill from Mr. Mackenzie.

Sugar for the Horse is the Uncle Silas mixture as before, too rural to be true, too rich to be true, too naughty to be true, too fruity by half. Uncle Silas, teller of tall tales, is just about a couple of insinuations vulgarer, I should say, than Mr. Bates intended. But if you like your entertainment in glorious yokel-colour, and your jokes pointed by the most tremendous rustic nudges, this is the stuff for you. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone.

HILARY CORKE

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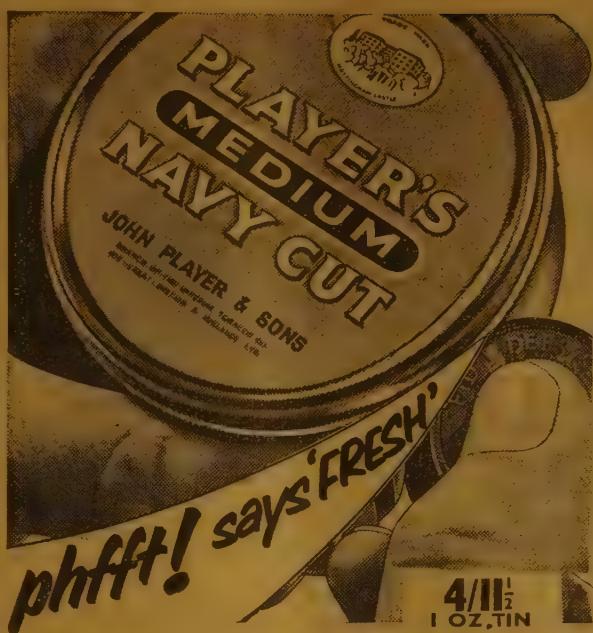
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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Revealing

MUCH OF THE TELEVISION output that one calls 'documentary' consists simply of people talking about the work they do. Curiosity may long ago have killed his cat, but it keeps the viewer ever on the hearth rug and rigidly attuned. While Independent Television's '64,000 Question' closed down this week, the—in Britain—much older 'What's My Line?' still draws the crowds, and without any prize money to give away, because it taps an even deeper emotion than the desire for money by magical means, the desire that other people shall reveal themselves; the rolled certificate that the winners receive has rather more than a sentimental value: it certifies that they have beaten television at its own game.

The two kinds of people about whose work we find ourselves most curious today are perhaps the research scientist and the creative artist,



Mr. Graham Sutherland, the guest in 'Press Conference' on January 17

and it happens that two of the best documentary programmes of the week gave a distinguished example of each kind of worker expounding his job comprehensibly but without condescension to the outsider. There was even a connection between them as the artist was Graham Sutherland, and the scientists belonged to the Unit at Cambridge of the Medical Research Council that is carrying out extensive experiments and tests on how the human eye moves and reacts when it perceives various objects, from printed matter to an aerodrome runway. Robert Reid visited the unit in 'Point of View?', No. 7 of the 'Eye on Research' series, and talked to its head, Dr. Mackworth, and a research psychologist, Brian Shackel, both of whom, at Mr. Reid's informed prompting, explained lucidly how by such means as a pen tracing patterns on a chart, or a bright blob of light on a monitor screen, they track down our eye movements; jerky, smooth or corrective, as the case may be. This whole field of research is, of course, a 'natural' for television, and under Mr. Reid's purposeful guidance the programme managed fluently to cover a great deal of ground. One of the methods used by the unit is to strap a



An experiment in the study of eye-movement in 'Eye on Research—Point of View?' on January 14

television camera to a person's head in such a way that it reveals the focus of his sight superimposed on the thing he is looking at—how fascinating to watch the pilot's vision as an aircraft comes in to land. Industry one gathered will be the most immediate beneficiary of this research, automation making hitherto unprecedented demands on one operator's pair of eyes.

Mr. Sutherland appeared in 'Press Conference', a noisy, shouting half-hour usually but on this occasion the mood was much more that of a drawing-room meeting broken into by shots of some of the best-known examples of the painter's work. It was intriguing to hear Mr. Sutherland modestly confess that he found painting difficult, that the first picture to have made an impression on him was Hals' 'Laughing Cavalier' on the wall at school. It was, he suggested, hard nowadays to paint royalty honestly, and of his own renowned sitters, Somerset Maugham was 'an immensely good model'. The reserved, relaxed profundity of Mr. Sutherland's approach was most engaging, and one looks forward to his next appearance on television. The deliberate avoidance of a professional art critic among the questioners turned out to be a mistake.

If a painter's work may be flashed briefly on to the screen midway through a talk, what of a musician's? Mr. Spike Hughes had to keep going hard all through his quarter of an hour on 'Toscanini' since there is apparently only one film of the conductor at work. Mr. Hughes appeared appropriately soon after 'Rigoletto', and was interesting on Toscanini's devotion to Verdi, but it would all have done much better on sound radio with musical quotations instead of static snaps.

It is no secret that 'Panorama' has a keen rival nowadays in the similar kind of topical programme on the other channel, 'This Week'. I find myself watching both fairly frequently, and the times when one or the other does not add some vitally stimulating footnote to what I have been reading in the newspapers are rare. 'Panorama' is the smoother, shapelier craft of the two

with its trusty, veteran skipper Dimbleby to steer an even keel, but against that 'This Week' often dashes out at the first cry of alarm to where the current storm is raging with a bold if rocky motion, and commendably cleared the air this week through interviews with a doctor, the Bishop of Exeter, and Dr. Letitia Fairfield on the vexed question of artificial insemination. On the other hand, 'Panorama' takes what is going on abroad much more comprehensively into its sweep than its rival. Its coup of the week was a searching inquiry by Christopher Chataway into the situation in Malta, culminating in the questioning of Mr. Mintoff. The Prime Minister of Malta, as one might expect, gave nothing away; more revealing in fact was a few minutes at the docks where the dock-workers insisted in admirably concrete terms that what was at stake was their bread and butter.

Our journey to a remoter but less troublous spot, the island of Socotra, came to an end with the second part of the Oxford University expedition's film 'The Forgotten Island' where, with a recalcitrant Bedouin porter who feigned sick for more money, we ascended the mountains to take blood samples of the inhabitants, to haggle for toadstools, to pickle bats in bottles, and pack chameleons in boxes. This was the best of its kind since 'The Borneo Story'.

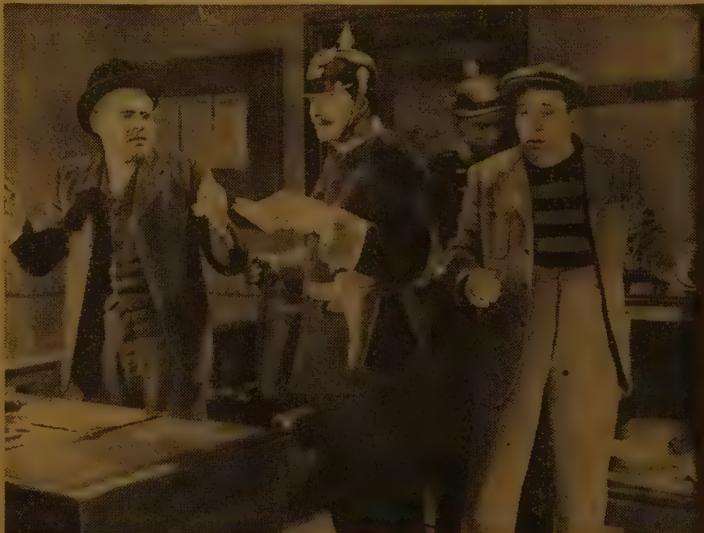
I have left till last the most painful viewing of the week: 'There Was a Door', a film made for the Manchester Regional Hospital Board about mentally defective people. The first sight of a room full of grown-up defectives of the lowest grade is, as the narrator said, unforgettable. The film showed how those above this grade are fitted by people of heroic patience for some form of work.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Pottering Cosily

TELEVISION WORLD THEATRE on Sunday added 'The Captain of Koepenick' to its round-the-map campaign. Carl Zuckmayer's play had been given a new version by Elizabeth Montagu.



Albert Lieven (left) as Wilhelm Voigt (the Captain) and Thomas Gallagher as Paul Kallenberg being taken into custody in 'The Captain of Koepenick' on January 19

This ran to nearly two unbroken hours and provided thirty-six parts with 'extras'. Actors' Equity must regard Miss Montagu as a Fairy Queen with gifts thus widely showered abroad, and the players' gratitude should be the greater since many of the parts seemed to be quite unnecessary.

The story of the cobbler who, some fifty years ago, got hold of a Prussian Captain's uniform, assumed command of troops, arrested a small-town mayor and caused universal laughter (even the Kaiser smiled) must have been good fun in the event and was good fun on the screen—when we came to it. But that was only in the last half-hour or so of a very long session and much of the first three-quarters of the story was scarcely relevant and sadly tedious.

To make a labouring start before reaching the heart of the matter is especially foolish in the case of television. A theatre or cinema audience has paid its money and, unless unbearably provoked, will stay on to see what it can get for its outlay. But viewers are at liberty to desert at any minute, with no financial loss, and I could not help wondering how many starters for Koepenick failed to end the journey, so long were they held up by the pottering in Potsdam.

First, we were taken back ten years behind the great feat of bluff, to be shown in a leisurely way that Potsdam was very conscious of its military tailoring and etiquette (didn't we know that?) and to see the practical joker begin his sad life of unemployment, prison-sentences, and denial of a passport and papers. It was then heavily emphasised that the cobbler, while in prison, was taught enough about military matters to make his impersonation of an officer possible.

Albert Lieven, as the cobbler turned captain, was excellent both in the early humility and the later mock-arrogance, and Rudolph Cartier's direction was no less praiseworthy in its execution of the long task. There was plenty of ebullient, fluent acting from a suitably international cast. But somebody should have used a blue pencil like the slashing sabre of a cavalry captain and rescued the end of the play, which was quite a gay gallop, from the dragging route-march that we had to endure for some eighty minutes at the start.

'The Distaff Side' (January 18), originally produced in 1933, was not one of John van Druten's more successful plays. In it, however, he was covering ground which he knew, and could use, well; it was that of the solid middle-class home. But on this occasion, specialising on those female members of his Venables family (St. John's Wood), he offered playgoers a collection of reach-me-down types. The household contains grandma (Gladys Young), stiff and tyrannical, one daughter, Evie (Mary Ellis), now a widow and a patient stoker of the home-fires, Liz (Lesley Wareing), gay and gadabout, Nellie (Helena Pickard), drearily domesticated in the north, and Theresa (Dorothy Holmes-Gore), austere mated to good works.

The conversation of these ladies (and these excellent actresses) remained as flat and as little sparkling as their local waters, those of the Regent's Park Canal. All that happened was the decision of a mature Liz to marry her one-time lover and of little Alex, daughter of Evie, to do the same; her choice was a feckless young film director who had already lived with her and was now having a fierce 'flu all over the Venables' home. The probable result of this

gentle little story would have been sore throats and temperatures of 103 for all the family, but the only infection evident in the play was that of dullness: a tincture of lethargy seemed to trickle from my screen.

I certainly do not belong to the school that wants all its plays to be sited in slums or dumped amid ash-cans, there to echo the raucous indignation of the callow young at grievances of their own imagining; nor do I agree that the bourgeois are necessarily bores. Indeed, more than most I used to welcome a new van Druten play: but in writing this one he drowsily nodded. Mary Ellis and Lesley Wareing had the largest parts and



'The Distaff Side' on January 18, with (left to right) Rosamund Greenwood as Miss Spicer, Gladys Young as Mrs. Venables, Anne Bishop as Alex and Mary Ellis as Evie



Scene from 'Onion Boys' in Children's Television on January 14, with (left to right) Yves Ratier as Pierre Rozay, Maurice Colbourne as Professor Hoad, and Frank Finlay as Mr. Craven

played them effectively. Grand-daughter Alex seemed in the story to be what is now politely called 'sophisticated'; Anne Bishop played the part with such juvenile innocence that even her voice seemed to have retained its school-girl complexion. As the play's title implies, the men do not count.

Before our session with the Venables, we had on the same evening the Frankie Vaughan Show in which I was introduced to a comedian with a new and successful kind of appeal, Joe Church. Mr. Vaughan, a dicer who, unlike Mr. Steele, prefers to be a dude, is plainly magnetic, as the hysterical squeals of his frenzied fanciers sufficiently showed; George Formby, twanging away below a smiling face broad as a full moon, won a more agreeable, if less emotional, applause with more agreeable tunes.

Earlier still in the same evening, 'Dixon of Dock Green' had once more reassured us about the various qualities, both shrewd and cosy, of the Metropolitan Police. This series of East End sketches has been well refreshed by the arrival of Harold Scott and Mary Hinton as odd types of a West End family; he is a slumming escapist from stiff shirts; she full of half-baked psychology is treating him as a case. But if the Force were really well run, dear P.C.

Dixon (Jack Warner), so wise as well as so genial, would have got promotion long ago. Surely millions of viewers will join me in demanding stripes for Dixon—now.

Having been at times exposed to many rough and rowdy Western films in Children's Hour, with orgies of bashing as their horrible attraction, I am naturally delighted that the Drama Department is much more civilised. 'Onion Boys' (January 14) was part of a serial about a swindling antique dealer with his eye on a prize in Brittany (hence the onion vendors). This showed good writing by Mary Dunn and good, simple production by Barbara Hammond. I hungrily await more onions.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Three in One

LAST WEEK'S late-night broadcasts of a short experimental programme in stereophonic sound disregarded drama, but the operatic excerpt, for instance, revealed striking dramatic possibilities. Stereophonic sound might be rather a mixed blessing, all the same. To produce the 3-D effect two wavelengths and two receivers must be used together—the experimental programme could be heard with either a television receiver and an ordinary radio, or with a V.H.F. receiver and an ordinary radio—and this might lead to an extension of the present 'merged periods' with further reduction in the substance and variety of sound programmes. On the other hand, the television wavelength is not used in the mornings and the Third Programme wavelength is vacant mornings and afternoons. There is plenty of room for experiment outside the peak evening hours, when these wavelengths might be used as auxiliaries to the Home or Light or to both.

It is reported that the only use of stereophonic sound contemplated by the B.B.C. in the near future is for an occasional concert. As there is admittedly little to be gained from a visual image of an orchestra in action for an hour or more, this seems to point to the use of two sound wavelengths at once. I hope the Drama

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Some of the subjects covered in fully illustrated articles in recent issues are indicated above.

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Department will press its claim to a share in such experiments, and will resist any tendency to employ one of the sound wavelengths merely as an auxiliary to television during the evening hours, which might be expedient if the number of homes with a television receiver and a radio should greatly exceed the number with a V.H.F. receiver and an ordinary radio. And if Home and Third were to merge during peak hours for stereophonic drama at some future date, it should be for something like Shakespeare, not a further intrusion of lighter entertainment on reduced Third Programme time.

In another sense, Giles Cooper already produces a sort of 3-D radio drama. His speciality, as we heard a year ago in his adaptation of 'Lord of the Flies', is for combining exotic adventure with frightening fantasy and admonitory allegory. 'Without the Grail', Mr. Cooper's play for radio in the Home Service series last week, follows the same formula and—apart from the same tendency to lose momentum in the middle—with something of the same success. Here again was a remote tropical setting, a veneer of civilised ways crazily cracking to emit violence and madness, and the implied indictment of our own society. This is, of course, an attempt to write in the Elizabethan tradition, to please everyman and an elite with levels of meaning and imagination behind the surface of an exciting plot which merges with them: just what the Drama Department is, or should be, looking for.

Superficially, Mr. Cooper's yarn of a crazy tea-planter in Assam, creating an anachronistic empire with croquet and cannon, swearing by Malory and Wordsworth (does this author share my admiration for Aldous Huxley's early essay 'Wordsworth in the Tropics'?) is suggestive of the long-short stories of Somerset Maugham. But the three young people, one trying to escape to the lost London of the old illustrated magazines, one reverting (like the boys in 'Lord of the Flies') to head-hunting primitivism, one naively orientated towards Communism, are also personifications of trends in a decaying imperialism; and the self-seeking young man who is their guest and prisoner has a place in that pattern, too. The patriarchal planter stabs his deserting son, as King Arthur killed Mordred, and is himself decapitated by the head-hunter; the young man who cannot see beyond his own interests (except in a crisis) loses the idealistic girl.

The drawback of attempting in laconic prose something like the Elizabethans achieved in poetry is a certain unreality in the figures. They are not so much credible characters as stylised type-masks. Their meaning is revealed in the violent show-down, but as human beings they do not develop. Donald McWhinnie's production evoked the highly-charged and meaningful atmosphere of the piece and drew very good performances from Michael Hordern, Renee Goddard and—particularly—Peter Howell. After a flat-footed start, the 'Plays for Radio' series has found at least one script that justifies the hopes the Drama Department cherishes of original writing for the medium. It remains to be seen, or rather heard, if they can keep it up.

The three sons, one good and two bad, in the 'Tale of Judar'—last week's Third Programme excursion into the 'Arabian Nights'—kill each other off after the usual prodigies of magic. The two children of Henry Green's novel 'Nothing', also in the Third last week, might or might not have been half-brother and sister. At any rate their engagement was disarranged by the belated wedding of the boy's mother with the girl's father. Frederick Bradburn's sensitive production made nearly two hours of airy nothings mean something, though I couldn't say exactly what.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Matter and Manner

I WONDER HOW MANY of those who resent the time Network Three has taken from the Third were in a position to listen regularly in the early evening: though this doesn't mean that I can yet bring myself to regard language classes or nice restful programmes on motoring or pigeon fancying, however worthy, as adequate substitutes for what used to be available on this wavelength between six and eight. But doubtless commuting gardeners and photographers now rush home early, while the boom in travel will have created a demand to know what one says if stuck in a Spanish post office or French ditch.

I don't, in one week, want to generalise about Network Three: but in such of its programmes as I have so far heard I have noticed a bewildering variety of tones and attitudes which seem to add up to a collective uncertainty as to who is being addressed. With Home, Light, and Third we more or less know, by now, where and who we are: the new service is still feeling its way. The general idea seems to be to give miscellaneous information on levels ranging from schools broadcast to Third-style lecture: a very enterprising Polytechnic head, stronger on some subjects than others ('but all our classes are voluntary, you know') might provide a parallel.

This week, on Thursday, I tried Mr. Amis on Jazz. This was breezy and enjoyable, but there was the occasional note of talking down, a determination to make it all good casual fun (the 'well, we don't want to go into all that, do we?' approach). At other times, Mr. Amis seemed to assume he had an audience of experts and played in rapid succession pairs of examples of good and bad, traditional and modern jazz, which to me all sounded alike. On the other hand, whatever else Professor Lovell, of the Jodrell Bank observatory, was doing in Friday's 'Science Survey', he certainly wasn't talking down: up, perhaps, among the lunar radio emissions (the week before it was extra-galactic ones). Some of the excitement and implications of radio-astronomy did come through to me: it wasn't science made easy, but at least I didn't feel like an interloper, or that the level on which the speaker was operating was the wrong one; indeed, it was presumably the only possible one.

I also heard Mr. T. E. Utley put the Conservative viewpoint in Wednesday's programme 'The Younger Generation'. Born 1925, perhaps I shouldn't have attended this class: certainly the grave, polite, and intelligent young people who questioned Mr. Utley didn't press him as hard as I should have liked. He won easily on points: but I don't think it was only my disagreement with his premisses which made me find his manner sometimes patronising ('that's a very fair question', etc.) and his trick of labelling all non-tories as Utopians a trifle irritating.

In the Home Service on Monday Mr. William Douglas Home was interviewed in the series 'Frankly Speaking'. The interviewers were sometimes earnestly forthright, sometimes flippant; Mr. Home's answers were unvaryingly easy, patient and (understandably, I thought) slightly bored. The interrogation jumped about gamely as if intended to give an impression of hard-hitting spontaneity, but in fact, as soon as Mr. Home was at all firm, the questioner shied away to something else. Mr. Home's courageous refusal to obey an inhumane order in the war, his court-martial and subsequent imprisonment, must have been a major experience. If he hadn't wanted to discuss it, it should have been left out: once in, I should have liked more about it, and about his playwriting, and less of those Foreign Office selection-board questions like 'What do you consider your greatest vice?'

In the Third, on Tuesday and Wednesday, four elderly ladies gave us their childhood

recollections of Lewis Carroll: the hand-holding visits to London matinées, the afternoon walks, tea at Christ Church, the brown bag of puzzles and cut-outs he carried to amuse children on trains; the sudden terrifying silent stammer. No attempts at gimmicks, tough or cosy, no self-consciousness, no false tones: delightedly I sat back in my chair, with hardly time to say to myself 'this is how the spoken word should be spoken'. Of course the subject was a natural; but so were the speakers. For me, Mr. Dodgson, as large as life and twice as natural, tall, thin, precise, with his musical boxes and his clock-work bear, emerged, with no trouble at all, as what might be called (though not in these columns) the Personality of the Week.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

For Five Strings and Four

THE STRING QUINTET, with two violas, is the most satisfactory of all combinations for chamber-music. Yet it is rarely heard, partly for the economic reason that five players cost more than four, and partly because the repertory, though substantial, is not large enough to support a permanent quintet. So we had last week not the Allegri Quintet, but 'the Allegri Quartet, with Cecil Aronowitz (viola)', initiating a new series of three works in the Third-Programme.

The series opened not with one of Mozart's two familiar masterpieces (in G minor and C major), but with the Quintet in E flat (K.614), which has too long lived under the shadow of those more obviously compelling works. For though it has not the dramatic intensity of the G minor nor the classic grandeur of the C major, a very 'Jupiter' among Mozart's chamber-works, the Quintet in E flat is a very beautiful composition, and one nearer to absolute perfection in its handling of the medium than those earlier works. For while in the G minor and C major Quintets the antiphonies between the three upper and the three lower parts are, perhaps, rather obvious (wonderful though their effect is in performance), in the later work there is no sense of contrivance or of the composer trying-out what can be done in the new medium. There is a natural ease and suppleness in the movement of the five parts. Mozart is completely master of his material.

The performance by Eli Goren and his colleagues was generally excellent, well-judged in tempi and finely balanced. In the slow movement there was a tendency to make a *sforzando* (or dare I call it *squeezando*?) on the crotchetts of the opening theme, that seems to me uncalled for. They completed their programme with a delightful performance of Mendelssohn's First Quintet in A major.

Here I may be allowed to pick up a stitch dropped last week for lack of space. The first performance by the Aeolian String Quartet of Elizabeth Maconchy's Seventh Quartet must not go unrecorded. Miss Maconchy's concentration upon chamber-music has prevented her from gaining the high place in general public estimation that is really her due. This new quartet is yet another manifestation of her remarkable ability as a composer and her complete mastery of her chosen medium. That she has gone to school to Bartók is evident both in the formal construction of the quartet with its two scherzos and central slow movement, as well as in her powerful musical idiom. She is no mere imitator; she has absorbed what she has learnt and turns it to her own account. So listening to this quartet one has the impression of an original and poetic mind expressing itself in terms that are at once fresh and readily intelligible. And it is all wonderfully laid out for the four instruments—and sometimes appallingly difficult. The second scherzo with its rapid *pizzicati* and com-

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plex rhythms was, quite pardonably, not as confidently played at this first performance as it will be in ten years' time. Otherwise the performance seemed to do justice to this fine work, which ought to be repeated soon.

On the musicological front Jeremy Noble has produced two excellent programmes of music by Cipriano di Rore, a composer of whom he rather too diffidently assumed complete ignorance in his audience. However that may be, he did not play down to ignorance. His first programme, in which Rore's Mass 'Praeter rerum seriem' was prefaced by the original thirteenth-century melody used by Josquin des Prés in his motet on which the Mass is based, was a model of good scholarship as well as a first-rate musical experience. There was just enough explanation to illuminate the music which was then allowed

to speak for itself. This it did eloquently, thanks to the Schola Polyphonica directed by Henry Washington, though the sopranos did get out of tune at one point in the Mass. In the second programme, devoted to Rore's secular music, the finest piece was the serene and dignified 'Elegy on the death of Willaert'. This and some settings of Petrarch and other madrigals were admirably sung by the Deller Consort with that fine lutenist, Julian Bream, in attendance to provide variety.

To make up for our missing the recent production at Covent Garden, the Third Programme put on again the recording of Strauss' 'Elektra' which we heard about a year ago. But Astrid Varnay's very competent performance did not really compensate for that of Mme Lammers which a colleague, whose opinion I

most respect, has rated alongside Klempener's Beethoven—which is high, indeed. The best performance in this recording was Res Fischer's positively terrifying Clytemnestra.

A programme of Danish orchestral music well played by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Jens Schröder, who seems to have had sufficient rehearsal, contained an impressive symphony, his fifth by Vagn Holmboe and an attractive Suite for strings by Schultz. Like Nielsen's 'Helios' Overture, which opened the concert, Holmboe's music combines a stark strength with considerable poetic charm in the *Andante*. There is a bitter note in the outer movements, that may reflect the circumstances of its composition during the German occupation of Denmark.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Delius and Opera

By DONALD MITCHELL

'Koanga' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Saturday, February 1, and 5.0 p.m. the following day (both Third)

DELIUS' operas are 'Der Wunderborn' (MS., undated); 'Irmelin' (composer's text, 1890-92); 'The Magic Fountain' (MS., composer's text, 1893); 'Koanga' (text by C. F. Keary after a novel by G. W. Cable, 1895-97); 'A Village Romeo and Juliet' (after Gottfried Keller, 1900-01); 'Margot-la-Rouge' (unpublished, text by Mme Rosenthal, 1902), and 'Fennimore and Gerda' (after J. P. Jacobsen, 1908-10).

The list of first performances is not without interest. 'Koanga' was produced at Elberfeld on March 30, 1904 and did not receive an English production until Beecham performed the work at Covent Garden in September, 1935. (For a considerable number of years, the score and parts of this opera were lost.) 'Fennimore and Gerda', Delius' last opera, was produced at Frankfort on October 21, 1919. 'A Village Romeo and Juliet' was given in Berlin on February 21, 1907.

We are obliged to take note that our composer found the audiences for his operas not in England, but in Germany—naturally enough, one may think, when one compares the rich theatrical facilities offered by Germany with the impoverished resources of England. But these German productions really have a deeper significance. It was not so much the case of an English composer finding a platform for his talents abroad as of a composer working in a thoroughly European, late-romantic convention—Delius was much more cosmopolitan and un-English than Elgar, even—and taking his natural place in those opera houses, small and large, which catered for the flood of post-Wagnerian opera-composers, of whom Delius was one.

We know from Percy Grainger that Delius worshipped Wagner, as did Grainger himself; and the devotion is apparent in Delius' music, in his operas especially, despite the striking contrast between his lyric objectives and Wagner's cosmic achievements. There was nothing about Delius' approach to the musical theatre that was even faintly prophetic of coming events. For the twentieth century, Verdi and Mozart were to be twin operatic ideals. Delius liked 'Falstaff', but I doubt whether he tolerated rude, red-blooded masterpieces like 'Il Trovatore' or 'Rigoletto'. As for Mozart, Delius was at one with Mr. Grainger in detesting the music 'of the Haydn-Mozart-Beethoven period. "If a man tells me he likes Mozart, I know in advance that he is a bad musician", Delius was fond of saying'. Certainly, if we are looking for a Mozartean conception of drama or Mozartean pace and

levitation, Delius is a composer we need not include in our search. What we find in him is the squeezing—and refining—of the last sensuous drops of Wagnerian sonorities and textures, a concentration on ravishing sound, which, when joined, however maladroitly, to lyric (and almost always absolutely static) stage pictures, combines to offer a singular theatrical experience.

One does not hear or lay aside an opera by Delius and then withdraw to other occupations with one's head ringing with pregnant vocal phrases. In no thrilling vocal shape does the moment of drama crystallise, as it does in Mozart, Verdi, or even Wagner. What haunts one, post-Delius, is atmosphere, and sometimes an exquisite orchestral interlude or instrumental motive; but only rarely does one recall any music specifically, compulsively vocal in character. Here, there is no doubt, Delius thought (wrongly) that he was following in his master's footsteps. Eric Fenby, in his book on the composer, tells us, revealingly, that when listening to Wagner by wireless Delius would comment: 'Never mind so much about the singers, or even what they are singing about; the narrative is in the *Orchester*'. And, in 'A Village Romeo and Juliet', for example, or 'Fennimore and Gerda', it is in the 'Orchester' that the narrative and centre of musical interest lie, to a degree that certainly out-Wagners Wagner.

It is worth remarking, perhaps, just how Wagnerian Delius' invention could be, even in his most personal and successful opera, the 'Village Romeo and Juliet', which, the more familiar I become with it, the more impresses me as a kind of miniature, pastoral 'Tristan und Isolde'. It is piquant indeed that an English composer—since we claim Delius as such—should have been one of the very few post-Wagnerians to create a stage-work, if not in the image of the master, then in the engulphing shadow of one of his masterpieces, which is none the less saturated with the unique personality of its author; for it is impossible to deny Delius' doomed lovers a life of their own and a sound of their own, despite the *dérivativeness* and eclecticism of Delius' idiom.

In 'A Village Romeo and Juliet' Delius found a text that matched his music—or released it, rather. That accomplished, the stage-stimulus had really done its work. The piece makes its effect adequately enough outside the theatre, and though it is undoubtedly Delius' best opera, it is so, perhaps, because it is quite exceptionally undramatic and unoperatic. In any event, in this work he crystallised his own dramatic

form; a series of short scenes, each one self-contained in mood and not long enough to press Delius' inspiration beyond its limits, which were, structurally speaking, narrow indeed. He was helpless, in general, when attempting to work on an extended scale; but moving from static tableau to static tableau imposed no very weighty formal obligations, while the character of the tableaux in 'A Village Romeo and Juliet'—their overwhelming nostalgia—tapped a source of inspiration that spun fresh invention in the service of a continuous emotional sunset.

'Fennimore and Gerda', his last opera, again comprises a set of tableaux, like 'A Village Romeo and Juliet', but here the realistic story scarcely suits Delius' gifts—a world of telegrams, domestic strife and jealousy, and mundane tragedy was not the world in which Delius was most at ease.

If nothing else, the naturalistic character of 'Fennimore and Gerda' is proof that Delius was subject to the theatrical fashions of his day; the same might be said of the one-act opera, 'Margot-la-Rouge', which attempted a low-life penny-dreadful, by all accounts with dire results, musical and dramatic. ('Knives are drawn and the curtain descends upon a pile of corpses', writes Peter Warlock. One can imagine that Delius was not at his best in this context.)

'Koanga' is an altogether different story, dramatically and artistically. Though it is neither as mature musically nor as neatly constructed as 'Fennimore and Gerda' or 'A Village Romeo and Juliet', its exotic world has the advantage of deriving directly from Delius' early experience as an orange-planter in Florida. The text of 'Koanga' has no literary distinction, and the tale itself—the tragic love of Koanga, an African prince and Voodoo priest, and Palmyra, a beautiful mulatto—is scarcely rich in subtlety. None the less, the score is flavoured with a certain authenticity of spirit and place which binds together what is otherwise a somewhat loose medley of song, dance and chorus. It is, indeed, the frequent choruses of the Negro slaves which weave a continuous musical thread throughout the opera. It must be admitted that the rambling *arioso*, which carries, for the most part, the solo contributions, is not very satisfactorily shaped (Delius, of course, had not yet stumbled on his tableaux, and would not have dreamed of writing 'numbers', which, in fact, would have suited the opera to perfection); and neither Koanga nor Palmyra live with and through their voices, which true opera's heroes and heroines have done, from Monteverdi to Schönberg.

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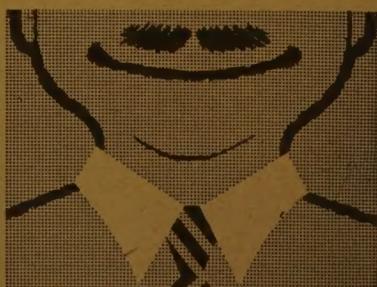
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For the Housewife

An Introduction to Pastry-making

By ANN HARDY

ALL the rules for cooking are based on scientific laws which are unchangeable. In pastry-making it is the simple one that gases expand when heated. Expansion always produces lightness; so as gases expand when heated, we introduce gas into our pastry, and this we do by introducing air, which is a mixture of gases. We introduce as much cold air as possible, the colder it is the more it will expand when heated and the lighter our pastry will be. This, then, gives us our first rule: 'Make in a cool place'.

There is another way but for pastry an inferior one, of introducing gas, and that is by the addition of baking powder. For certain pastries baking powder is unsuitable, and for all pastry the best results are obtained by simply introducing cold air in the correct manner.

When we talk of pastry-making we usually mean the main varieties—short-crust, flaky, and puff. The main ingredients are flour and fat, plus the usual pinch of salt and cold water to mix. The main difference in making lies in the way in which the fat is incorporated. In the simplest pastry—short crust—the fat is rubbed in; in flaky it is partly rubbed in and partly rolled in; in rough puff it is cut into lumps and mixed in the flour, and in best puff it is rolled in, in one piece. The fat varies according to the type of pastry.

It is most important that you weigh these ingredients carefully; e.g., if you use too little fat your pastry will be tough, if you use too much it will be difficult to handle. This gives us our second rule: 'Use correct proportions'.

If you do not mix carefully the texture will be wrong, if you add too much water your

pastry will be leathery, if you use too little it will be hard. This gives us our third rule: 'Mix carefully'. Thus we come to the all-important manipulation. Manipulation varies slightly with the type of pastry but there are points common to all. For instance, the flour—which should be the best plain flour—should be sieved for all pastry and the salt sieved with it.

The fat for best puff should be pure butter or margarine. Butter is incomparable in flavour but does not always produce as good results as margarine. For the other pastries we use a mixture of fats. Lard produces the shortest crust but not the lightest and the flavour is inferior, so we mix it with butter or margarine; or instead of the lard a good vegetable fat is excellent, but I find that I get the best results in short crust by using all three—lard, vegetable fat, and margarine in roughly equal proportions, using half quantities of fat to flour.

In mixing, the fat is rubbed in with the fingertips. An important part of this manipulation is to keep raising the mixture out of the basin as you rub in the fat, allowing it to sift back through your fingers, thus introducing as much cold air as possible, and this you do until the mixture is as fine as fine breadcrumbs. Then comes the adding of the water. This part of the mixing should always be done with a knife because it is cooler than the hand. In adding the water add only sufficient to mix to a stiff paste, one that leaves the sides of the basin quite clean. Mix as quickly as you can and as lightly and firmly as possible to avoid producing elasticity, for elasticity means toughness. In pastry-making, always handle lightly. This is the fourth and very important rule. After mixing allow

your pastry to stand for some time as this helps it to recover from any elasticity introduced.

The last and equally important part of the manipulation is the rolling. It is important that you roll only in one direction—forewards: short, sharp, forward rolls, lifting your rolling pin almost imperceptibly as you do it.

Finally, we come to our last rule: 'Be sure your oven heat is right'. All pastry needs an oven hot enough to expand the air and to burst the starch grains of flour by which means they absorb the fat when it melts. This is particularly applicable to flaky and puff pastries which need a really hot oven. For short-crust you need a moderately hot oven.—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 143): Economic Editor of *The Observer*

L. P. KIRWAN (page 145): Director of the Royal Geographical Society

SIR MILES THOMAS (page 146): Chairman of Monsants Chemicals Ltd. since 1956; Chairman of B.O.A.C. 1949-56; Director, Colonial Development Corporation 1948-51; Vice-Chairman and Managing Director, Morris Motors Ltd. 1940-47

OSBERT WYNDHAM HEWETT (page 155): author of *Strawberry Fair*, a biography of Frances, Countess Waldegrave, 1821-1879

ANGUS MAUDE (page 157): M.P. (Conservative) Ealing (South) since 1950; economist and author of (with Enoch Powell) *Biography of a Nation*, etc.

K. W. GRANSDEN (page 175): poet, author of *John Donne*

19. 20. 27. 28. 32. 39. 80. 86. 110. 119. Why the new-comer limped? (6-4)

15. 58. 94. 93. 105. 106. Apply a resinous substance to a small catboat-rigged yacht to complete the missing portion (6)

107. 71. 10. 116. 127. 26. 16. 102. 95. 129. 9. Tapering toward both ends and producing a faceted node (11)

126. 103. 66. 121. 66. 88. 109. May ask her without hesitation what is worn by some women (7)

18. 101. 8. 29. 22. 21. 61. 2. 51. 17. Extravagant in language like a choral rite might be (10)

38. 93. 24. 25. 100. 82. 30. 128. 7. It's a pity I rule in such a trifling way (9)

91. 108. 34. 76. 38. 83. 36. 67. The secret agent searches

around for summaries (8)

98. 72. 11. 12. 47. 23. 50. Held small means to flatter (7)

44. 77. 109. 42. 31. 38. 86. 26. 63. Give Kitty a spin for Eddy (9)

40. 37. 5. 47. 58. 62. The French child's father becomes inventive (6)

124. 120. 6. 33. 70. 125. In the States it would be a Welshman. How sweet! (6)

69. 53. 56. 35. 68. 21. 120. 64. 22. 93. 78. At the same time that Sonny upsets the chorus . . . (11)

46. 67. 116. 115. 48. 9. 102. 27. 94. 96. . . Dey's can-can to sway (10)

112. 12. 14. 70. 1. 51. See ten in deviation but our removal is required—that's the catch (6)

111. 114. 117. 43. 1. 41. 30. 71. 63. Indispensable element of the silent sea (9)

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Entries should be on the printed diagram and the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The letters of the lights must be placed in the small squares indicated. For the sake of clarity of the diagram, only the first and last squares in each row have been numbered. Punctuation may be ignored.

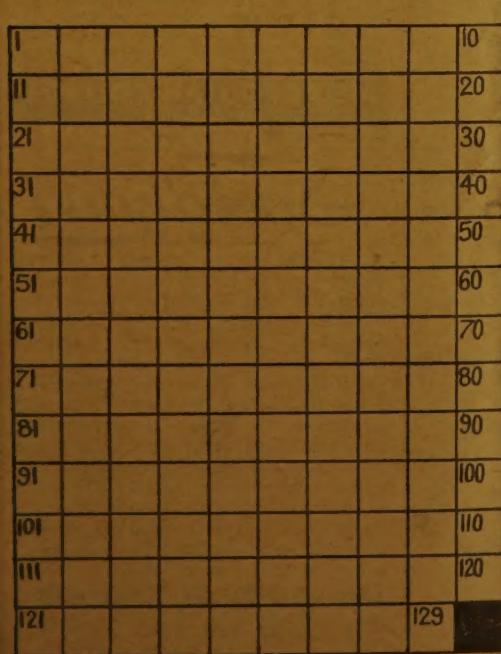
Starting from one square of the completed diagram and moving from square to square either horizontally or vertically until every square has been visited once and once only, the final sentence of each of two books may be found. The solver is required to identify these works.

CLUES

2. 37. 45. 52. 54. 55. 57. 92. 97. Prophecy was the gift given her by Apollo (9)
4. 59. 70. 73. 78. 84. Reformed settlers take out a small insect (6)
87. 104. 3. 14. 93. 123. 46. 51. 75. Grind to a fine powder where Abraham settled at in hackneyed surroundings (9)
49. 81. 85. 66. 74. 79. 112. Whatever made the moth die? Something sieve-like, obviously! (7)
113. 118. 35. 65. 115. 89. Avoid being among Yankees chewing gum (6)
90. 99. 122. 109. 125. 13. Foreign coin—shilling less than colloquial pelf (6)

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